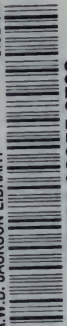


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.



OXFORD.

B

Quæ toto seculo famosa radias,
En ! ad te clamito, si forsán audias ;
Non Romam alloquor urbem egregiam,
Non villam Cecropis, non academiam,
Verum te maximam Anglorum gloriam
Alumnus invoco, matrem Oxoniam.

TRYVYTHAM.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's flow'rs
Expand—enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffer'd from time's gnawing tooth,
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and tow'rs !
Gardens and groves ! your presence overpow'rs.

WORDSWORTH.



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Drawn by A. G. Vickers.

Engraved by W. J. Gouke.

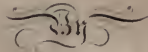
**WESTERN VIEW OF OXFORD,
TAKEN FROM THE HILLS ABOVE FERRY HINCKSEY.**

*"In towery dimnes, gothic, vast, or grand,
Behold her palaces of Learning stand."*

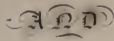
Montgomery's Oxford page 11.

MONTGOMERY'S
OXFORD.

ILLUSTRATED



JOSEPH SKELTON, F. S. A.



OTHER ARTISTS.



Drawn by J. Wilke.

Engraved by E. Challen.

NEW CLARENDON PRINTING OFFICE.

*Published for the Proprietor, Mr. Skelton, Magdalen Bridge, Oxford:
by Whittaker & Co. London & by Blackwood, Edinburgh.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY

OXFORD.

A POEM,

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY,

OF LINC. COLL. OXON.

AUTHOR OF "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,"

"SATAN," &c.



OXFORD,

PRINTED BY S. COLLINGWOOD, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY,
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MDCCCXXXI.

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TO THE
CHANCELLOR,
MASTERS, AND SCHOLARS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,


THIS POEM
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED
BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.


ANALYSIS OF PART I.

Intellectual greatness—the homage due to any establishment tending to promote it—OXFORD—feelings and associations awakened by its first appearance—its mental quiet—its literary Past—studies—ancient and modern learning—classical bigots—system of study and examination—the necessity of one general standard—reason why men of genius have often contemned it—mind independent of circumstance—First origin of the University—its progress under Alfred, till the time of William of Normandy—her present appearance—view from the Radcliffe—New College Chapel and service—Royal visit in 1814.—Biographical associations—Illustrations of the same in Addison, Steele, Collins, Johnson, Sir Philip Sydney, Ben Johnson, and Locke—Origin of Locke's famous Essay—intellectual society—a contrast—Canning—Davenant—Wesley—Hervey—Denham—Chatham—Thomas Warton—Lisle Bowles—Country clergymen—their seclusion how fondly anticipated—a scene suggesting such anticipation—Blenheim—Balliol—Ridley and Latimer—their martyrdom—Evelyn—Southey—the wisdom of literary retirement, contrasted with the rivalries of the literary world—female authorship—a characteristic sketch—return to biographical associations, which conclude with Heber—his early life—collegiate course—pastoral character and death in India.

OXFORD.



PART I.



WHAT makes the glory of a mighty Land,
Her people famous, and her hist'ry grand?
Is it, that Earth has felt her vast control
Far as the wind can sweep, or ocean roll;
That ships and merchandise her ports bedeck,
And Navies thunder at her awful beck!
That grandeur walks each street, arrays each dome,
And in her temples hails a second Rome?—

Though Power and Greatness, those almighty two,
That move the world, and teach what Man can do,
In ev'ry age have thus some Empires blest,

And, Alp-like rear'd their thrones above the rest ;

Yet, what remains of all that once hath been ?

The billows welter where the ports were seen !

The wild-grass quivers o'er their mangled piles,

And Winter moans along the archless aisles ;

Where once they flourish'd Ruins grimly tell,

And shade the air with melancholy spell,

While from their wreck a tide of feeling rolls

In awful wisdom through reflective souls !

What then alone omnipotently reigns,

When Empires grovel on deserted plains,
In sun-like grandeur to outdare the night
That Time engenders o'er their vanish'd might?
'Tis Mind! an immortality below,
That gilds the past, and bids the future glow;
'Tis Mind! heroic, pure, devoted Mind,
To God appealing for corrupt mankind,
Reflecting back the image that He gave
Ere sin began, or earth became a slave!
Exalting thought! when ages are no more,
Like sunken billows on a far-off shore,
A second life, in lofty prose or song,
Their glories have, to light the world along!

And ever thus may spirit be refined ;
For what is Godhead, but consummate mind ?
Or Heaven, but one surpassing realm of thought,
With each perfection of His wisdom fraught ?
Not what we *have*, but what our natures *feel*,
By truth unfolded for sublimest zeal,
Developes all which makes our being great,
And links a human to immortal state.
Than this, could fancy weave a darker curse ?—
That man is meaner than the universe !
Creation is Eternal Will, express'd
In forms of matter which were deem'd the best ;
Within, is spirit ; all without, we know
Forms the frail vision of a fleeting show :

Nothing so grand amid creation found
As That which thinketh, when we gaze around!
Though bright the Earth, and beautiful her frame,
From thought divine her fair existence came ;
Then do we not with Deity unite,
In fixing Mind the centre of delight,
From whose pure depth the rays of reason dart,
O'er Nature shine, and half her hues impart ?
For thus, the Spirit on her wing sublime
Above the reach of earth, and roar of time,
In that deep energy may proudly share
Which featur'd worlds, and all that formeth there !
If then from Intellect alone arise

The noblest worth a Nation's heart can prize,
In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
Behold her Palaces of learning stand !
When day was dying into sunset glow
I first beheld them in their beauteous show,
The massy glories of each gorgeous pile,
And thought—how noble is our native Isle !
A silent worship o'er my spirit came,
While feelings, far too exquisite for name,
Exultingly began their rapt controul,
And flutter'd like faint music in the soul !—
Where Greatness trod, is hallow'd ground to me ;
There can I lift the heart, and bow the knee,
Awake the Past to all her living might,

And feed my fancy with unearthly sight,
Restore the features of her famous dead,
Nor take a kingdom for the tear I shed !

And how reposeful is the haunted spot
Where life is mental, and the world forgot !
A spirit wafted from collegiate bowers
And the dim grandeur of her ancient towers
To Alma Mater museful calm impart,
That makes her scene harmonious with the heart.
The very air seems eloquently fraught
With the deep silence of devoted thought ;
While all around her, grand as eye desires,
The mind ennobles, or the heart inspires.

And here, how many a youthful Soul began
To sketch the drama of the future man;
How many an eye o'er coming years hath smil'd,
And sparkled, as incessant hope beguil'd!
The star-like spirits, whose enduring light
Beams on the world, and turns her darkness bright,
In radiant promise here begun to rise,
And glow ambitious for eternal skies!
Oh! none whose souls have felt a mighty name
Thrill to their centre with its sound of fame;
Whose hearts have warm'd at wisdom, truth, or worth,
And all that makes the heaven we meet on earth,
Can tread the ground by genius often trod,
Nor feel a nature more akin to God!—

Here in their blended magic float along
Pindaric rapture and Virgilian song;
Still Homer charms as when he first prevail'd,
And honour'd Greece her idol poet hail'd :
See Athens in her classic bloom revive,
Her sages worshipp'd, and her bards alive !
See Rome triumphant, but with banner furl'd,
Awake her genius to enchant a world !

There are who see no intellectual rays
Flash from the spirit-light of other days ;
Who deem no age transcendent as their own,
And high the present o'er the past enthrone.
Yet, not in vain the world hath aye ador'd

The treasur'd wisdom ages gone afford ;
Or lov'd the freshness of that youthful time
When Nature thrill'd as man became sublime !
For then the elements of mind were new,
And fancy from their unworn magic drew ;
Creation's self was one unrifled theme
To form a passion, or to frame a dream ;
As yet unhaunted by inquiring thought,
Each track of mind with mental bloom was fraught ;
The first in nature were the first to feel
Impassion'd wonder and romantic zeal ;
Hence matchless vigour nerv'd the living page
That won the worship of a future age ;
While Genius moulded with a master hand

The primal elements of pure and grand :—

From ancient lore see modern learning rise,

The last we honour, but the first we prize.

Then long ador'd, in this august retreat

May Greece and Rome for high communion meet ;

Long may their forceful page and free-born style

From year to year succeeding youth beguile ;

The judgment form, uncertain taste direct,

Teach Truth to feel, and Fancy to reflect :

And Learning, hallow'd by immortal fame,

See England glory in her Oxford name !

Yet not forsaken be the grand career

That circles through the realm of thought severe ;
The studies vast which measure earth and sky,
Or open worlds on the undaunted eye !—
Which more offends ?—the bigot who can read
No volume from the dust of ages freed ;
Or he who owns no intellectual grace,
But makes a cargo of the human race,
And values man like produce from the ground,—
'Tis hard to say, yet both, alas ! are found.
The dark idolater of ancient time,
And nauseous epicure in prose or rhyme,
The musty pedant with an owlish eye,
Who pipes an elegy o'er days gone by,—
Oh ! still from Oxford be the race remov'd,

And nobler far her gifted scions prov'd,
What soul so vacant, so profoundly dull,
What brain so wither'd in a woful skull,
As his who, dungeon'd in the gloom of eld,
From all the light of living mind withheld,
Can deem it half an intellectual shame
To glow at Milton's worth, or Shakespeare's name!—
Who hath not smiled at some affected bore
That drivels nothing but—the days of yore!
And thinks a genius most divinely strong
Hath made himself to other times belong?
Yet, tried by nature, proves a mere machine
Of ancient dulness and of modern spleen.

Farewell to bigots ! whatsoe'er their hue,
Who darken learning, and disgrace it too;
Another charge let Alma Mater own
By frequent sages on her wisdom thrown :—
Alike one standard for the great and small
Her laws decree, by which she judges all ;
Hence in one mould must oft confound at once
The daring thinker with the plodding dunce ;
The soaring Mind must sink into a plan,
Forget her wings, and crawl where Dulness can ;
Those bolder traits, original and bright,
Fade into dimness when they lose the light
Of open, free, and self-created day,
Where all the tints of character can play ;

While creeping plodders, who have never bred
One single fancy to refresh the head,
But toil'd contented o'er a menial ground
Where Commonplace pursues her petty round,
With smirking valor meet their judgment day,
When talent melts in nervous gloom away !

Yet, what could Education's art provide
For countless minds by varying standard tried ?
For public weal, not individual mind,
As mental nurse was Oxford first design'd ;
And blindly wrong would be her guardian eye,
To love the great, but pass the lesser by ;
From each due toil impassion'd genius save,

And crown for merit what mere nature gave.
Not all alike supernal Heaven endows,
Nor equal mind to equal heart allows :
Full oft ingenuous pangs, and noble tears,
Or modest doubt, the phantom child of fears,
To humble Worth a consecration lend,
That proves for lost renown sublime amend ;—
Let mind be nurs'd, though doom'd a narrow sphere,
And what his Maker gives, let man revere !

Allow that Genius wears a curbless soul
That chafes in fetters, and defies control ;
And, haughty as the mountain eagle chain'd,
Hath every empire but her own disdain'd.

Though customs old, like ancient roots are found

With stubborn grasp to cling to native ground,

Fain would her boldness to herself be rule,

And Energy her own majestic school !

But when hath Mind such education lost,

However cabin'd, and however cross'd ?

Alike triumphant over college wall,

The mouldy cellar, and the menial stall,

We mark the soul of Inspiration rise,

Expand her wings, and revel in the skies !

Then vainly let the pow'rless sophist frown,

To hide one ray of Oxford's fair renown,

Or quote some verse to vindicate his cause,

Of scornful meaning at her mental laws.—
Spirits have lived, who could not suffer chains ;
The fire that fever'd their electric veins
Burn'd all too restless for obedient thought ^a,
And hence the solace indignation brought.
Yet when was order known, or due control,
To force divinity from out the soul ?
Oh ! little think they, how sublimely pure,
In godlike state above the world secure,
That earthless nature which they genius call ;
In vain the tides of circumstance appal,—
Though clouds repress, and darksome woe detain,
The Soul remounts, and is herself again !
Go, ask of Ages, what made dungeons bright,

Vile suff'rance sweet, and danger a delight,
Created thunders to o'erawe the sky,
Unloosen'd storms, and let the whirlwinds fly,
Yea, forc'd the universe to feel her nod,
And dar'd a while to imitate a God !—
'Twas Spirit, independently sublime,
The King of nature, and the Lord of time !

Then pause a while, and reverently view,
Though dimly faded, and of ancient hue,
The records hinting through oblivion's eld,
When Oxford first her founded Halls beheld,
From age to age how college piles appear'd,
Till, lo ! a University was rear'd.

Ere yet the music of Messiah's name
Had thrill'd the world, heroic Brutus came ^b
With Grecian sages and a kindred band,
To fix their dwelling in our Eden land ;
And Greeklade was the destin'd home they chose ^c,
Where mind could revel, and the heart repose ;
Till, lur'd away by some far lovelier scene,
Where rivers wander'd, and the woods hung green,
By groves untrodden, whose Athenian shade
For silence and monastic dreams was made,
A city rose beside the haunt ador'd,
Where Memprick built what Vortiger restor'd.

Thus early did renowned Oxford shine ^d,

Grow dear to sages, and become divine ;
Here Cæsar's self might chance his Rome recall,
And England triumph as she tutor'd Gaul ;
And fain would Fancy, when her ling'ring eye
Roams in the shadow of the days gone by,
Rest on the form, the feature, and the dress,
The hood, the toga, all that might express
The monkish drama of collegiate prime^e,—
But Truth is darkness in the depth of time :
Not then, as now, did vasty temples frown
In the high grandeur of their huge renown,
But simpler dwellings, out of convents sprung,
Or mansions hir'd, receiv'd her studious young ;
And each, as added numbers swell'd their fame,

Was duly govern'd, and a Hall became.
Here in rude nurture ancient Worthies dwelt,
And solemn dreams of classic glory felt ;
Here Gildas liv'd; and unforgotten Bede,
With sages, whom historic lovers read,
First soar'd aloft on elevated mind,
To see the Heaven that hover'd o'er mankind !

Awaken'd thus, our British Athens rose,
When England, fetter'd by her ocean foes,
Beheld a wilderness usurp the plain,
Where cruel Saxon and incursive Dane
Left ravish'd Piles all desolately grand,
And breath'd a sterner spirit o'er the land.

No longer now the banish'd Muses seen,—
A darkness hung where mental day had been ;
Till kingly Alfred from his island throne,
Saw England smiling, and the seas her own !
Then Peace woke radiant from the clouds of War,
As brightly rose her intellectual star ;
Once more the heav'n of studious thought began,
And Wisdom gloried as she gaz'd on Man !
A patriot monarch, generously wise,
Cheer'd the young Arts, and bade their temples rise ;
Prompt at his wish, within her antique walls,
Behold ! the grandeur of three founded Halls,
Where Royalty with feudal Princes came,
When first a Lecture lent those Halls a fame f.—

Hence o'er his isle a soul-born impulse went,
And Ign'rance pin'd in noble discontent.
Meanwhile, the monarch woo'd from every clime,
Where Art had flourish'd o'er the blast of time,
Her men of wisdom, whose presiding hand
Might bid the energies of Soul expand :
Lo ! on the waves, from bleak Ierne's home,
In sailless bark, three wild enthusiasts roam ;
By Alfred summon'd, they revere his call,
Who brighten'd ages, and outlives them all !—
A second Oxford thus adorn'd our isle,
And future Patrons rear'd each future pile,
From king to king, till Norman William came,
Who sack'd her treasure, but increas'd her fame 8.

And now, in zenith pomp, her stately town
Hath fill'd all Europe with its far renown :—
The Sun is up! behold a princely day,
And all things glorious in its glorious ray ;
Ascend the Radcliffe's darkly-winding coil
Of countless steps, nor murmur at the toil ;
For lo ! a scene, when that ascension's o'er,
Where none can gaze, nor in that gaze adore.—
There, from the base of her commanding dome,
O'er many a mile the feasting eye may roam,
While music-wing'd, the winds of freshness sound,
Like airy haunters of the region round.
Yon heav'n is azur'd to one dazzling die,
Beneath—a splendor that surpasses sky !

Where once the grandest of the grand appear'd
In all that Piety and Art could give,
For eyes to worship, or a name to live.—
What solemn beauty by the spirit felt !
While feelings into adoration melt,
As in her depth of Gothic gloom we tread
Amid the hush of ages which are dead.

I well remember, when a stranger, first,
The stately vision on my senses burst ;
From tow'ring lamps a noon-like radiance shone
O'er pavement mottled with mosaic stone,
And white-rob'd Choristers in due array,
Whose vestments glitter'd like the sheen of day.



Drawn by A.G. Vickers

Engraved by J.H. Kersey

NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL.

*"Go, mark the chapel by great Wykeham reared,
Where once the grandest of the grand appeared.
In all that Priety, and art, could give,
For eyes to worship, or a name to live!"*

Montgomery's Oxford, page. 56.







Engraved by F. Chalkin.

HEINGI STREET.

SCENE ON THE 14. OF JUNE 1814.

"But thou, fair Oxford, never didst thou seem

Drawn by A. G. Vickery.

There, silver-voic'd, in many a heav'nward note,

I heard religion on soft music float,

Now faintly die, then freshly live again,

And grow almighty as the organ strain

Came riverlike, in one impassion'd roll

From the deep harmony of Handel's soul!

But thou, fair Oxford, never didst thou seem

Begirt with glory in so grand a dream,

As when monarchal heroes grac'd thy town^h,

With him, the princely hope of England's crown:—

A morn of June! and, magically gay,

A heav'n of blueness to o'erarch the day,

Whose smiles are mirror'd by that glorious street,

Where, proudly deck'd, uncounted numbers meet
Of plumed bands, whose warrior trappings shine,
And hooded gownsmen, in majestic line.—

But lo! he comes! a Prince before them stands,
Hark! to the rapture of re-echoing hands,
And high-ton'd cheers that revel round his way,
While each eye beams a patriotic ray;
With head uncover'd, royally he smiles,
And every heart that noble face beguiles!ⁱ

Tis noon—'tis night—a day of grandeur spent
In all that makes a day magnificent,—
Art, Pomp, and Beauty, grac'd by King and Queen*,

* The Duchess of Oldenburgh, the sister of Alexander—afterwards Queen of Wirtemburgh.

With dazzling banquet to outdare the scene!—

'Tis night : a thousand windows gleam and glow

With pictur'd radiance, or transcendent show ;

And lamp-wreath'd piles and blazing temples seem

Like genii fabrics in some gorgeous dream !

But, oh ! to stand where Gloom and Silence drown

The roaring gladness of the distant town !—

A sea of blackness settles o'er the heav'n,

The stars unwitness'd, and the clouds undriv'n ;

Dull, deep, and stagnant, in grim slumber laid,

To pall a chaos looks that sky array'd!—

Beneath, illumin'd tow'rs and steeples rise,

And tint the darkness with emerging dyes,

That mix and melt in atmospheric glare,

Till faintly wither'd into dusky air ;
While green-arch'd groves, in verdant pomp of light,
Present their beauty to the gaze of night.—
The Midnight comes, and with her sound, and storm !
And cloudy phantoms, each a dreadful form ;
From east to west earth-shaking thunders roll,
And lightnings quiver from the glaring pole ;
A rainy deluge rushes from the sky,
A thousand lights in one wild darkness die !
Joy melts to gloom, and awe-smote thousands stand
Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty hand !

And tell me, thou whose wand'ring feet have trod,
Like his who trembled on the ground of God,



Drawn by A. C. Victoria

Engraved by J. Staddon

**S^T MARY'S CHURCH,
IN THE STORM OF JUNE 15, 1614.**

*"Joy melts to gloom, & awe-smote thousands stand
Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty hand."*

Montgomery's Catalogue, page 40



The hallow'd earth where classic glories shine
Back on thy Spirit with their beam divine,—
Hath Oxford, haunted by her long array
Of memories that cannot glide away,
No local magic to entrance thy mind,
And make it prouder of thy human kind?—
Whate'er of good and glorious, learn'd or grand,
Delighted ages and adorn'd the land,
Was foster'd here :—the senate, pulpit, bar,
The scenes of ocean, and the storms of war,
Wherever Mind hath high dominion shown,
To counsel kingdoms, or secure a throne,
There may Oxonia sons of glory hail,
And see the spirit which she nurs'd, prevail * !

* See "Biographical Summary," at the end of the volume.

Forget a while the fever of the hour,
Wake her dim gloom, and lo! the Past hath power :
Around thee Bards and Sages muse or stray,
And wind the garden which you walk to-day ;
The pilgrim clouds, the time-worn trees that wave,
Or banks whose beauty gleaming waters lave,
Their eyes beheld :—do burning thoughts begin ?
Then dare to rival what you dream within !

Too vast her list, might pen achieve it all,
Each form of mem'ry into life to call ;
Yet fain would fondness with some imag'd few
Partake a moment, and believe it true.—
Adown yon path, beside the grassy sweep

Of Maudlin park, where light deer couch and leap,
And giant elms the haughty winds delay,
There gentle Addison was wont to stray ;
And thence, where now is heard the churning wheel,
As writhingly the restless waters steal,
His tree-lin'd walk of beauteous length began,
For ever hallow'd by that holy man !—
In many a whirl hath autumn's whining blast
From these fond trees their summer foliage cast,
And leafy show'rs now mournfully abound,
In sallow redness scatter'd o'er the ground ;
Yet here full oft, the branches waving green,
And heaven's blue magic smiling in between,
The pensive rambler dream'd an hour away,

Or wove the music of his Attic lay,
Saw ^k Cato's grandeur on his soul arise,
And Heav'n half open to a heathen's eyes.
Or, happier themes, whose ethic pureness glows
With ev'ry tint that character bestows,
From ancient lore his tender heart beguil'd,
And lit his features when his fancy smil'd!
Nor be forgot who all his worth could feel,
The friend of Addison, delightful Steele;
Whose classic morn let Merton's annals claim,
Where first the drama woo'd him on to fame :
More roughly hewn than his Athenian friend,
And vent'ring oft where virtues never tend ;
Yet warm of soul, and child-like to a tear ^l,

As when it dropp'd upon a parent's bier :
Now madly sunk in passion's deep excess,
Now high in wisdom which a Saint might bless ;
A mixture wild of all that man admires,
Whose faults may warn him, while his fame inspires.

Ere Steele began, what Addison pursued,
A path still fresh with England's gratitude,
Those day-born graces whose refinement blends
The smile of manner with the soul of friends,
La Casa first in Italy awoke,
And sketch'd the courtier with a master stroke ;
But next, our Gallic Theophrastus * threw

* La Bruyère.

A playful archness o'er the scene he drew,
Dissected truth with satire's keenest knife,
And mirror'd Nature on the glass of life :
Then rose on English ground the gifted pair
Who taught to either sex a softer air,
Prov'd elegance to virtue's self ally'd,
And laugh'd at Dulness, till her follies died !
O'er weeds and thorns that social life beset,
And teaze their martyr into vain regret,
Their morning smile satirically pass'd,
Till fools turn'd wise, and fops were cur'd at last !—
Nor small the debt Society should pay
To him who flaps her buzzing flies away ;
Those noisome insects on eternal wing,

That hum at banquets, or in ball-rooms sting,
Which, though they cannot heart or mind o'erpower,
May fret the smoothness of the calmest hour.

Here Collins too, whose wizard numbers roll
An earthless music o'er the dreaming soul,
In melancholy liveness pined and thought
Amid the darkness which his genius brought :
E'en now the curse was breeding in his brain,—
A nerveless spirit, and a soul insane!
While moon-born fairies would around him throng,
And genii haunt him in the hush of song :
Ill-fated bard ! like Chatterton's thy doom,
To seek for fame, and find it in the tomb !

To Pembroke turn, and what undying charm
Breath'd from the past, shall there thy spirit warm?—
There Johnson dwelt! the dignified and sage,
The noblest honour of a noble age ;
Whose mien and manners, though of graceless kind,
Were all apart from his heroic mind ;
They were the bark around some royal tree
Whose branches glorying in the heavens we see!—
Here lived and mused that unforgotten man ^m !
Might language speak what only feeling can,
As here I view these venerable walls,
And slow, as in some fane, my footstep falls,
Young hearts would echo to a welcome strain,
And feel, as I do, Johnson live again !

O'er Time's vast sea a century's waves have roll'd,
And many a knell hath unregarded knoll'd,
Since, fondly wrapt in meditative gloom,
The Sage of England sat in this lone room :
Yet, well may Fancy at yon evening fire
Behold him seated ; and when moods inspire,
As Sorrow droop'd, or Hope her wings unfurl'd,
His spirit hover through the varied world,
Of life and conduct, fortune, truth, or fate,
His future glory, and his present state :
Or when the noon-shine reign'd in golden pow'r,
And dimly smiled some melancholy tow'r,
Muse at his window with far-wand'ring eye,
And feel the freshness of enchanted sky ;

Or, round the gateway woo admiring ears
To listen, while he charm'd beyond his years,
By spoken magic, or electric wit
That flash'd severe, yet sparkled where it hit :—
A bright deception ! far too often seen
To hide the heart where agony has been :
Oh ! hideous mockery the mind endures,
To forge a smile whose merriment allures,
To gild a moment with fictitious ray,
Yet feel a viper on the spirit prey !
Departed Soul ! how oft when laughter fed
Upon the frolic which thy fancy bred,
And happy natures, as they saw thee smile,
Seem'd mingling with thy sunny heart a while,

Back to thy chamber didst thou darkly steal,

And *there* the hell of thine own bosom feel!

Then sink to slumber with a burning brain,—

To-morrow wake, and wear that smile again ⁿ!

I know not why, but since a dream of fame,

My heart hath gloried in great Johnson's name,

And deeper worship to his spirit vow'd

Than others have to loftier worth allow'd.

In what a mould was his high nature cast

Who never ventur'd, but he all surpass'd!

And reign'd amid the realm of Mind alone,

Nor left an equal to ascend his throne.

How grandly deep, how tenderly divine!

The lofty meaning, the majestic line !—
A moral sweetness, a persuasive flow
Of happy diction, whether joy or woe
Call'd energies from out his vasty mind,
Where'er they muse, delighted myriads find ;
And though the sadness of his spirit threw
Round earth's rare sunshine too severe a hue,
How Life and Character before him stand,
Their myst'ries open, and their scenes expand !
And well for wisdom, could the loud pretence
Of puny language with profoundest sense,
Such massy substance in the meaning show,
As that which ages to a Johnson owe !

Descend from learning to the nearer view,
Where Man appears in mortal colors true ;
And where was piety more deeply shrined,
Than in the temple of his awful mind,
Whence day and night eternal incense rose
To Him from whom the tide of being flows !
That self-respect, around whose constant sway
The purest beams of happiness must play,
He ever felt ; the same proud dream it gave
To hours that wither'd in the toils of Cave,
And him, in aidless fortune high and free,
Who taught a lord how mean a lord could be * !
And, mix'd with harshness irritably loud,

* Lord Chesterfield.

That came like thunder from the social cloud
Which pride or pertness round the moment threw,
His faith, how firm! his tenderness, how true!
For Goldsmith's worth, or Garrick's lighter grace,
The tear of fondness trembled down his face :
And when did Want or Woe to him appeal,
Nor find a hand to give, a heart to feel ?
While Truth he worshipp'd with severest awe,
To fame a glory, and to life a law °.

So great he liv'd. Yet round the grandest soul
How weakness hovers with a vile control!—
A grinning demon, whose contrasted sway
Supremer wisdom cannot scorn away.

As when some organ of the frame appears
In matchless strength beyond the mould of years,
A weakness balancing that strength is found ;
So, oft in mind where miracles abound,
The lying pettiness of nature seems
Reveng'd in mocking what perfection dreams.
In Johnson thus : the piety that trod
Each path of life, communing with her God
In gloomy hours could childish phantoms see,
And give to penance what was due to tea P !
The mind that reason'd on the fate of man,
And soar'd as high as wingless Nature can,
Would oft descend, the petty bigot show,
And wrench his spirit to out-talk a foe !

Or else, in whirlwind fury swept along,
Desert the right, to prove a victor wrong.
The soul that spake angelically wise
When Truth and he were thron'd amid the skies,
In human life his Rasselas forgot,
To wear the meanness of our common lot,
By passion bow'd, each prejudice obey'd,
And grew ferocious when a smile was made !
Yet peace to such ! of all by men ador'd,
Than Johnson, who could better, faults afford ?—
Let Earth exult that such a man hath been,
And England worship where his steps are seen !

To swell the records of collegiate fame,

See Lincoln rise, and claim a Davenant's name⁹;

Within her walls the minstrel student wove

Poetic dreams of melody and love.

On him, as yet a verse-enchanted child,

The Soul of nature, Shakespeare's self, had smil'd!—

Oh! to have listen'd to that glorious tongue,

And seen the man on whom a World has hung,

Till admiration, so intensely wrought,

Became a worship, and ador'd in thought!—

And, ^r Wesley! often in thy room I see

A holy shadow that resembles thee;

Let others laugh at that o'erheated mind,

Which never gloried but to bless mankind,

Be ours the tribute to as pure a Soul

As Earth hath witness'd for sublime control.

A kindred line to pious Hervey's pay,

Whom Lincoln boasted in his morning day:

When night begins, and starry wonders teem,

My fancy paints him in some holy dream,

With eye upturn'd to where th' Almighty shone,

While vision'd angels warbled round His throne!—

From Christ Church, lo! a dazzling host appears,

Whom fame has hallow'd, and the world reveres,

Of prelates, orators, and statesmen high,

To be forgotten, when the world shall die!—

Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of his land,

Whom poets lov'd, and Queens admitted grand;

Of princely nature, open, brave, and free,
In genius,—all that man was made to be;
A knightly age his noble wit beguil'd,
And Courts were brighten'd when a Sydney smil'd!
And here the muse of tragedy divine
Bade ^u Jonson rise, and picture Catiline;—
Immortal Ben! to Selden dear, and fraught
With all that Homer lov'd, or Plato taught.
A later age, and Locke's eternal mind
Here soar'd to reason, such as Heaven design'd,
Help'd Understanding to redeem her sway,
And out of midnight woke transcendent day ^x!
One ev'ning, when delightful converse glow'd,

As friend on friend his gleam of thought bestow'd,
A spark was struck that set his brain on fire y,
Whence sprang the work fond ages shall admire!
Hours worthy Heaven! when cultur'd spirits meet
Within the chamber of divine retreat;
There friendship lives, there mental fondness reigns,
And hearts, oblivious of their lonely pains,
By feeling blended, one communion make,
To keep the brightness of the soul awake!

But who can languish through a hideous hour
When heart is dead, and only wine hath pow'r?
That brainless meeting of congenial fools,
Whose highest wisdom is to hate the Schools,

Discuss a Tandem, or describe a race,
And damn the Proctor with a solemn face,
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,
Loll o'er the wine, and asininely grin!—
Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.
What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,
Bedimm'd with smoke, and poison'd with perfume,
Where now and then some rattling soul awakes
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!
When Midnight comes, intoxicating maid,
What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!
But, still reserv'd to upright posture true,
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:—

Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,
Decanters triumph, and the drunkard fails :
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,
Their strength departed, winkingly go out,
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,
And all is darkness that was drunk before !—

Oh! thou, whose eloquence and wit combin'd
To make their throne the heart of all mankind ;
Whom Mem'ry visions in his wonted place
Where passions lighten'd o'er a speaking face,
And sounds of feeling from the soul were heard,
While music hung on every magic word,—
Regretted Canning ! oft has Christ Church seen

Thine eye of glory sparkle round her scene :
From Eton fam'd, where noble merit shone
In each young theme thy genius glanc'd upon,
Her walls receiv'd thee ; where thy talents grew,
Bright in the welcome of her fost'ring view,
Till glowing Senates mark'd thy spirit rise,
And England hail'd it with adoring eyes !—
Alas ! that in thy fame's triumphant bloom,
The shades of death hung grimly o'er thy doom,
A frame too weak a fiery spirit wore,
And Mind prevail'd till life's last pulse was o'er !
Thy funeral knell,—oh ! when I heard it moan,
Like the grand echo of a nation's groan,

Beheld the sky, where Sorrow loves to gaze
When myst'ry wraps us, or the world betrays,
And thought how soon thy glorious sun had set!
I felt a sadness that doth linger yet :
But had I, demon-like, e'er wing'd the dart
Whose poison fed upon thy feeling heart,
Inflicted pangs where only praise was due,
And vilely thwarted ev'ry nobler view ;
A more than melanch'ly for him who died,
Slain by the weapons which renown supplied,
My soul had borne ; and, wrung with inward shame,
Curs'd the dark hour that wounded Canning's fame !—

Thy yew-treed walk, and wilderness of shade,

Where rosily the twilight hues have play'd,
By ^a Denham haunted, Trinity! revere;
There wander'd he, no step invasive near,
The world forgot, to frame a poet's skill,
And dream'd the melodies of COOPER'S HILL.
And haughty ^b Chatham, at whose humbling word
Ev'n Walpole trembled, when its pow'r was heard;
Who baffled France, America, and Gaul,
To throne his England like a queen o'er all!
Thy paths have echo'd to his hallow'd feet,
Thy shades enjoy'd him in sublime retreat.—
Here ^c Warton's soul emparadis'd his hours,
And strew'd antiquity with classic flow'rs*;

* Nor rude, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers. WARTON.

Where'er he went saw dim cathedrals rise,
Or Gothic windows in their sunset dyes.

And thou, whose ever-gentle page is fraught
With tender deepness of delightful thought,
Not unremember'd let thy name be found,
d Where Genius hallows an enchanted ground.—
Upon that brow the seal of time hath set
A mournful grace, but left no dark regret
For wither'd years, whose flow'ry bloom remains
In the pure freshness of Aonian strains.
Yet oft will mem'ry in creative gloom
Muse fondly sad o'er many a distant tomb,
Where moulder forms that brighten'd other days,

Whose eyes have glisten'd o'er thy youthful lays !—

Thy noontide spent, serener twilight glows

Around thy spirit, like a soft repose,

And oft I turn, when fancy wanders free,

Romantic Bowles ! to bless a thought with thee :

Oh ! long in Bremhill may the village chime

Sound the sweet music of departing time,

And fairy echoes as they float along,

Awaken visions that were born in song,

Of hope and fame, when first impassion'd youth

Their beauty painted on a world of truth e.

Thy pleasing life, in past'ral quiet spent

Where heaven and earth comminglingly are blent,

A prayer evokes, that England long may see
In wood-hung vales from city murmur free,
Her landscape charm in varied shadow drest—
The village steeple with its tow'ry crest,
When dimly taper'd to romantic height
Or grayly melted into morning light.
Not Windsor vast with battlemented tow'rs,
With charm so deep a pensive gaze o'erpow'rs,
As village spires, in native valleys seen,
And nature all around them hush'd and green :
How oft some eye, as o'er the wheel-track'd road
The whirling coach conducts her motley load,
Hath wistful gazed where neat the pars'nage rose,
With Church behind it, in rever'd repose.—

Ah ! little know they, when the harsh declaim,
Or Folly leads to scorn a Curate's name,
In hamlets lone what lofty minds abound,
To spread the smiles of charity around !—
It was not that a frowning chance denied
An early wreath of honorable pride :
In College rolls triumphantly they shine,
And proudly Alma Mater calls them, mine !
But heavenlier dreams than ever fame inspir'd
Their spirit haunted, as the world retir'd ;
The fameless quiet of parochial care,
And silvan home, their fancy stoop'd to share ;
And when arriv'd, no deeper bliss they sought
Than that which undenying Heav'n had brought.—

On such, perchance, renown may never beam,
Though oft it glitter'd in some College dream ;
But theirs the fame no worldly scenes supply,
Who teach us how to live, and how to die !

In life so calm, unworldly, and refin'd,
What pictur'd loveliness allures the mind !
Hast thou forgot that balmy summer noon
That glow'd so fair, and fled, alas ! so soon,
My chosen friend ! in whose fond smile I see
A spirit noble, and a nature free,
When Blenheim woo'd us to her grand domain,
Where Hist'ry smiles, and Marlborough lives again !
And on the way how sweet retirement threw

A shade of promise o'er life's distant view :—

How wildly beautiful the vasty sky,

Like heaven reveal'd, burst radiant on the eye!

A spirit bosom'd in the winds, appear'd

To chant noon-hymns, where'er a sound career'd,

While ev'ry leaf a living gladness wore,

And bird-like flutter'd as the breeze pass'd o'er;

The lark made music in the golden air,

The green earth, yellow'd by a sunny glare,

In twinkling dyes beheld her flow'ry race

Dance to the wind, and sparkle o'er her face;

Faint, sweet, and far, we heard the sheep-bell sound,

And insect happiness prevail around.—

The green monotony of hill and glade,

Where viewless streams,—by verdure oft betray'd,
Like Charity, who walks the world unseen,
Yet leaves a light where'er her hand hath been,—
By bank and mead roll'd windingly away,
'Twas ours to witness in superb array ;
And through that gate, in arched grandeur rear'd,
When first the pomp of Blenheim park appear'd,
My fancy caught from thine assenting gaze
The magic gleam that sympathy betrays !

Noon glided on, till day's declining glow
Beheld us sweeping o'er the verdant flow
Of meadowy vales, to where the village hill
In garden bloom we welcom'd, bright and still.

That sunny eve in smiling converse fled
Around a banquet generously spread,
Beneath a roof where elegance combin'd
The pure in taste with fancy the refin'd,—
The f church antique, whose ivied turret won
The dying changes of departing sun,
And gleam'd upon us at our parting hour,
I still remember in its beauteous pow'r.
Then home we sped beside romantic trees
Whose leaf-pomp glitter'd to the starting breeze,
And fondly view'd in symmetry of shade
The mimic branches on the meadows laid.
In wave-like glory burn'd the sunset sky !
Where rosy billows seem'd to swell and lie,

Superbly vast ;—as if that haughty Day,
Ere yet th' horizon saw him sink away,
His clouds and colors vassal-like would see
Once more awake, and own their Deity !

Where Balliol frowns along her ancient road,
By 8 Evelyn hallow'd, his endear'd abode,—
I never pass, nor think of them who died—
Heroic martyrs, burning side by side !
Upon her walls there hung a crimson glare,
And red fires raven'd on the breezless air,
But thou, false bigot * ! in that murd'rous hour
Couldst look to Heaven, and on thy victims low'r,

* Doctor Smith, the apostate who recanted in King Edward's time.

Then feed thy gaze with agonies of fire,
As, limb by limb, the tortur'd saints expire !—
In serpent writhings, lo ! the flames awake,
Hiss as they whirl, and riot round the stake,
While mitred fiends, as they behold them rise,
Gleam on the martyrs with their wolfish eyes !
Yet firm they stand :—behold ! what glories smile
Above the fury of that savage pile ;
Ten thousand harps, ten thousand anthems swell ^h,
And Heav'n is worshipp'd in a scene of hell !

Here ⁱ Southey, in the radiant morn of youth,
His feeling, conduct, and his fancy, truth,
Beheld the orb of Liberty arise

To gild the earth with glory from the skies ;
What wonder then, if his Chaldean gaze
With glowing worship met her morning rays,
Beheld them bright as freedom's rays should be,
And thought they darted from a Deity ?
Who did not feel, when *first* her shackles fell,
The truth sublime that France inspir'd so well?—
There is a freedom in the soul of man,
No tyrant quenches, and no torture can !
But when each Virtue from her throne was hurl'd,
And Gaul became the dungeon of the world,
No mean deserter was the patriot prov'd,
Whose manhood censur'd what his youth had lov'd.

In bloom of life he sought domestic shade,
Devoting hours a world had not betray'd,
In deep affection to delightful lore,
Which virtue loves, and wisdom may adore.
While others linger'd in the roar of town
To wear the thorny wreath of young renown ;
Or, spirit-worn, see rivals mount above,
With few to honor, and with none to love ;
Afar to Keswick's mountain calm he hied,
And found the haven which a home supplied.
There, nature pure to his pure soul appeals,
With her he wanders, and with her he feels,
While earth and sky for poesy unite,
And hills of glory swell the heart's delight !

Thus flowingly the fairy hours depart,
And each day adds a virtue to the heart.
Ah, blissful lot ! which few have liv'd to share,
Who haunt the world, and seek to find it there ;
Forgetful that *one* day of life is fraught
With years of meaning for inductive thought,
In baffled hope, the mind exhales away,
Their each to-morrow, a renew'd to-day !
Too fiercely kindled by some loud applause,
They burn for glory, but betray her cause.—
True fame is feeling, in its earthless hour
Sent from the soul with world-subduing pow'r,
From heart to heart electrically known,
Till realms admire, and ages are its own !

Oh! blest resolve, that consecrates a life,
To leave for studious calm the noisome strife
Of London's everlasting round of self,
Pursued by learning, or career'd for pelf.
In wise seclusion heavenward thoughts incline
To form in man the elements divine ;
From day to day their semblance nearer grows,
Till kindred mind a kindred maker knows ;
And then, what beautiful accordance seen
In all that truth has taught, or time hath been !
What once was dark becomes divinely clear,
And earth itself a heaven-reflecting sphere.
The living principle of Pow'r above
That issued forth in this fair world of love,

The Spirit feels within herself abide,
The will direct, and o'er each thought preside :
In man or nature, whatsoever befall,
Her faith can fathom, and interpret all !

Turn from the calm secluded life bestows,
A life which Evelyn lov'd, and Southey knows,—
To London ; where a world of living mind
In one dark fever of excess we find ;
Where talent sparkles with incessant rays,
And authors perish for the want of praise !—
Though minds there be, whose magical control,
Like sounds from heaven, beatifies the soul,
Too rapidly our soaring authors teem,

For each to fill the circle of his dream.
Though high the hope which energy awakes,
And far the flight a free-wing'd spirit takes,
A thousand hearts o'er disappointment bleed,—
The many venture, but the few succeed.
Hence of all crimes, the last to be forgiv'n,
Eternal barrier to some critic's heav'n,
Success is prov'd ;—that hour her star appears
In daring brightness to outdazzle years,
The fogs of hate, the clouds of dulness rise,
To quench her glory, and deface her skies.
Hence martial pens in pugilistic rage,
And venom oozing from each vulgar page,
Slander abroad on her exulting wings

To frighten fools, or flap the face of kings,
 While faded authors, overcome with bile,
 Turn into villains, and lampoon the isle*!

But, hark! to sounds so musically dear,
 By flatt'ry melted into folly's ear;
 Behold a LION that doth roar to-night
 And doubt if homage be not man's delight!
 Amid the sweet soft words that come and go
 From lord to lady, and from belle to beaux,
 There in thyself a night-thron'd idol see,
 'Tis all thou art, and all a fool should be †!—

* Il n'y a point au monde un si pénible métier que celui de se faire un grand nom. BRUYERE.

† 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! POPE.

Enamour'd thus, nonsensically dream

Thy mental worth a supernatural theme ;

Yet, look around thee ere the night be o'er,

Thy heart is free, and thou a fool no more !

Thy mien, thy manners, and thy person tend

To make no charm Politeness could commend ;

And, lest they should not quite sufficient see,

The faults of others are bestow'd on thee :

Thus on, till all that once was glory thought

From tongue to tongue is whisper'd into nought ;

While each is conscious, as thy fame's o'erthrown,

To wound another's, is to heal his own.

Yet oft ambiguous Hate her truth beguiles,

And Envy wriggles into serpent smiles!—
Some cringing, cawing, sycophantic sneak,
With heart as hollow, as his head is weak,
In smother'd voice will chance a rival sue
To feed the pages of a starv'd review ;
“ Dear Sir ! I think your genius quite divine,”—
To morrow, turn, and lash it line by line !

And can it be, to such rewardless life
Of ceaseless longing and chicaning strife,
Where fever'd passion frets the hour along,
That Woman's gentler soul would fain belong?—
Oh ! deem not the assuming pride of man
Would claim a glory which no woman can,

Nor think to her soft nature is not given
The flame of genius, with the form of heav'n!
Her tenderness hath made our harshness weep,
And hush'd the passions into child-like sleep ;
Her dewy words fall freshly on the Soul,
Her numbers sweet as seraph music roll ;
And beautiful the morn-like burst of mind,
When first her spirit wakens o'er mankind !
Now painting clouds, now imaging the sea,
Bloom on the flow'r, and verdure on the tree!—
But diff'rent far a genius thus display'd,
From mind corrupted into menial trade,
When reputation is the theme ador'd,
And pilfer'd learning all its charms afford.

Those hues divine that delicately please,
The smile unfashion'd, and the soul at ease,—
All, all that language is too frail to tell,
Which forms in woman what we feel so well,—
In public life too often dies away,
Like dreams forgotten in the flush of day .
There, taunting pens dissect her dubious claim,
Or jeering coxcombs jest away her fame ;
The pure unknown again she cannot be,
No home is shelter'd, and no heart is free !—
Behold the beauty of yon garden flow'r
In lovely bloom beside its native bow'r ;
What winning freshness in each healthful dye !
Pure as the spring, and radiant as the sky ;

Transplant it thence to some o'erheated room,
Where hands profane it,—and, alas! the bloom!

Let man his intellectual sceptre wield;
To him have Ages in their march appeal'd,
To shape the elements of mind and pow'r
Through the vast scene of Life's unrestful hour.

But thou, fond woman! on affection's throne,
Behold a kingdom of the heart thine own!

There feelings form the subjects of thy sway,
And all is Eden where thy glances play!

'Tis thine to brighten, far from public strife,

The daily windings of domestic life,

The thousand hues that sprinkle ev'ry scene,

Where Time hath witness'd that his touch hath been.—

A magic deeper than Creation pours

Full on the spirit from unfathom'd stores,

An ecstasy beyond each art divine,

The painter's vision, or the poet's line,

'Tis thine to kindle, when the soul is free

To form an idol, and confess it thee^k!—

This vent'ring page I know not who may view ;

Some heart may feel it, and pronounce it true,

Welcome the thoughts that once its own have been,

Untomb the past, and re-awake her scene :

Or, on each line a freezing glance may fall,

Deny the meaning, or denounce it all.

But should there be some youth by passion wrung
In whose wild ear Ambition's voice hath sung,
Making the blood turn feeling as it flows,
Till Nature like unbodied Spirit glows !—
For such, a passing hue from life I steal,
To paint in verse what one was doom'd to feel ;
No matter though oblivion shroud a name,—
The moral acts, and truth survives the same.

In orphan loneliness his Childhood pass'd,
And each year left him lonely as the last,
Till sadness, born of such unwonted state,
Became at length the shadow of his fate,
That never left him in his brightest hour ;—

Unseen by others, he could mark it lower,—
Eternal winter to his heart and brain,
For musing sorrow, or ennobling pain.
But Nature reign'd imperiously divine,
And his heart throb'd, thou Universe! with thine :
No cloud meander'd o'er the sea-like heav'n,
No wave upon his ocean march was driv'n,
No scene was glorious, and no object grand,—
But there he worshipp'd an Almighty Hand ;
And walk'd the earth as where some angel trod,
And dream'd in silence, till it spake of God !—
Thus grew his heart, till poesy began
When boyhood hover'd on the verge of man ;
Unprison'd feelings which had fill'd his breast

With fiery hopes, that never cool'd to rest,
And sent them forth on solitary claim
To face the peril of an early fame.—

Pleasant is Morning, when her radiant eye
Opes on the world, enchanting all the sky ;
And Ev'ning, with her balmy glow of light,
The beauteous herald of romantic night ;
And pleasant oft to some poetic mind
The sound of water, and the sweep of wind,
A friend renew'd in some heart-welcom'd place,
With years of fondness rising in his face ;
The tear that answers to a tale of woe,
And happy feelings in their heav'nward flow.

But sweeter far proves his revengeful lot
Whom Fame hath slighted, or the World forgot,
In printed bile to let his spirit vent,
And mangle volumes to his heart's content ;
Corrupt what style, create what fault he please,
Laugh o'er the truth, and lie with graceful ease !
Thus envy lives, and disappointment heals
The gangren'd wounds a tortur'd mem'ry feels ;
Thus wither'd hopes delightful vengeance wreak,
And pages thunder more than scorn could speak !

And thus with thee, whose life I now recall ;
Malignant trash,—'twas thine to scorn it all !
Each reptile started from his snug review

To spit out poison,—as most reptiles do ;
Oh ! how they feasted on each faulty line,
And generously made their dulness thine !
From page to page they grinn'd a ghastly smile,
Yet seem'd to look so heavenlike all the while ;
Then talk'd of merit to the world unknown,—
Ah ! who could doubt them, for they meant their own !

Religion too !—what right had he to scan
The scheme of glory which she wove for man ;
Or paint around him, wheresoe'er he trod,
The glowing fulness of eternal God ?
Indeed 'twas hinted,—hop'd it was untrue,
His heart had worn an atheistic hue ;

And still religion, though its hallow'd name
Had lent a freshness to his early fame,
Had not alike both heart and head inspir'd ;
In short, the world was sick, and they were tir'd ;
And then, to prove his verse had made it vile,
They mouth'd it in their own sweet monthly style !

Next, *Paternoster* * hir'd a serpent too,
To sound his rattle in the Scotch review ^m ;
And yet,—alas! that such a menial end
Should wait on all who noble taste defend,
Though much was thought, and more, divinely said,
The poet triumph'd, and the public read ;

* Subaud. *Row.*

And when Abuse herself had ceas'd to pay,

That public hooted, and she slunk away!—

The faded past my fancy haunts again ;

And lo ! thine image shadow'd o'er my strain,

Thou lovely Spirit of divinest worth !

Whose saint-like pureness so adorn'd the earth,

And, when it vanish'd, thrill'd a world with woe,

And thoughts, that never into language flow ;

But silently within the soul retire,

And all the majesty of grief inspire !

Yet, words and tears have minglingly ador'd,

Deep, warm, and true, as feeling hearts afford,—

Those angel attributes that good men prize,
Lamented Heber ! when they leave the skies,
Awhile some spirit pure as thine array,
Smile on the world, and heavenlike pass away !

There is a shadow round the holy dead ;
A mystery, wherein we seem to tread ;
As oft their lineaments of life awake,
And sorrowing thoughts their hallow'd semblance take.
What once they dreamt, when mortal nature threw
Phantasmal dimness round their soaring view,
Now, all unearth'd, beatified, and free
From toil and tears,—the unscal'd eye can see :
No more on them, the fitful whirl of things

From joy to gloom, eternal trial brings ;
Array'd in light, before the Throne they shine,
And fathom mysteries of Love Divine ;
Why tears were shed, why pangs of woe prevail'd,
Why Goodness mourn'd, and Virtue often fail'd,—
No longer now a with'ring shadow throws,
Like that which hovers round the world's repose.

The holy dead ! of Earth and Heav'n the dear !
Whene'er the darkness of our troubled sphere
'Twixt God and man will demon-like arise,
Deject the soul, and doubt away the skies,
Then Mem'ry points to where their feet have trod,
Redeems our nature, and recalls her God !—

Creation's debt to discontented Time
They help'd to cancel, by excess sublime
Of worth and wisdom, magically great
Above the meanness of our mortal state :
The smile that withers in its cynic play
Each hope of Earth when budding into day,
By merit aw'd, in forceless meaning falls,
Whenever mind exalted mind recalls ;
And eras bright of holiness and love
Their spirits promise from a world above !

And such was he, whose toiling virtues won
A tomb of fame beneath a foreign sun.

In childhood, every dawning sweetness made

A tender magic which no truth betray'd;
While, fond as feeble, blindingly began
Those mental traits that ripen into man.
Romance and fairies, red Crusades inspir'd
The poesy which deeper years admir'd:
Heav'n's awful book for ever would he read,
And mourn to see the great Redeemer bleed;
In all he did, benevolence prevail'd,
And when entreated,—never kindness fail'd;
Nor form of woe, nor face of grief he pass'd,
But pitied all, and pitied to his lastⁿ!

From Neasden fresh, lo! Oxford hails him now^o,
And fancies new are bright'ning o'er his brow:

Too warmly ton'd, too feelingly endow'd,
Companionless to linger in the crowd,
A brother's fame around him lives and blooms,
His mind awakes,—and magic fills his rooms !
Where souls have listen'd as he charm'd the hour,
And young eyes sparkled to confess his pow'r.
Still, unentangled by the social net,
Though smile and banquet of the heart beset,
Each Dawn beheld him at his classic tome,
And pure, as in his unforgotten home ^P !

Scarce enter'd yet, and honours flower'd his way !
And soon the music of his master lay
From circling thousands woke a thrill divine ^Q,



Drawn by A. G. Vickers.

THEATRE.

(A SCENE OF HEBER'S GLORY.)

*The music of his muster led
From circling thousands woke a thrill divine
As England wept her weeping Palestine.*

Engraved by J. Skelton.

Musical notes.



While England wept o'er weeping Palestine!—
There are, that still in this cold world remain,
Whose ears are haunted by that holy strain,
Whose eyes dejected Salem still behold,
As scene on scene the vision was unroll'd,
When invocation with her sweetest sound
Woo'd angel forms, and angels watch'd around!
While grandly swelling into giant view,
“ Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew !”
Then Israel harping by her willow'd streams,
And prophets bright with more than prophet dreams,
The poet vision'd in his pictur'd strain
Amid the glory of Millennium's reign :
Then bade his thunders tell of time no more,

Till Nature shudder'd at their dooming roar!

Fond eyes were fix'd upon the minstrel now,
A raptur'd Sire beheld his laurell'd brow,
And blest his boy with all that tears bestow,
When heav'n seems by, and human hearts o'erflow!
And where was he?—escap'd the glowing throng
In the proud moment of triumphant song,
He sought his chamber, and unseen, alone,
A mother saw him at his Maker's throne!

That hour hath past:—a village curate made,
How nobly seen amid retirement's shade!
Parochial cares his cultur'd mind employ,

Domestic life, and intellectual joy.

The old men cry,—a blessing on his head!

And angels meet him at the dying bed;

Let fever rage, disease or famine roll

Tormenting clouds that madden o'er the soul,

Where life exists, there Heber's love is found,

And heav'n created by its welcome sound!

None are *all* blest; without some mental strife

To ripple, not destroy, the calm of life:

That heart for ever open to the poor,

Who weeping came, but smiling left his door;

Which never fail'd, whate'er the studious bliss,

When duty call'd, to sacrifice to this,—

Was all unapt when mean annoyments rose
From rustic fools, or mercenary foes,
By happy lightness to o'erleap them all,
And melt the clouds which daily life befall.
For wiser oft, where common nature guides,
Th' ungifted spirit of the world presides,
Than he, whose loftiness of feeling fails
To stoop or wind where subtlety prevails.—
Nor could that soul, though high its lot had been,
Forget to paint a more expanded scene,
An atmosphere wherein the mind could sway
O'er wider realms of intellectual day.—
They dawn'd at length!—a not unclouded dream,
From golden climes by Ganga's idol stream.

That Indian soil poetic fancy knew,
Her sculptur'd wreck, and mountain's roseate view,
Her palmy mead by banks of radiant green,
And dusky cots where cooling plantains lean.—
But when he felt a meek-ey'd mother's gaze,
And thought how soon might end her lonely days!
Beheld his child in cradled hush asleep,
Too frail to dare the thunders of the deep ;
His books deserted, friendship's riven chain,
And he,—afar upon the boundless main !
That strife of soul might well forbid him roam,
And softly hue the tenderness of home !
Those shading doubts a Providence dispell'd ;

Each home-born fear aspiring goodness quell'd :
The parting o'er, behold! the billows sweep
In rushing music as he rides the deep,
That wafts him onward to his Indian clime,
While mus'd his heart on future toil sublime,
Whereby Redemption and her God would smile
On heathen lands, and many a lonely isle,
Where stinted Nature in her soulless gloom
From age to age had wither'd to the tomb!—
And haply too, when rose the twilight star,
And billows flutter'd in a breezy war,
At that dim hour regretted England came,
Familiar walks and sounds of early fame,
And village steeple, with the lowly race

Whose fondness brighten'd to behold his face !

The Land was reach'd ; and, oh ! too fondly known

How Heber made that sunny land his own,

Till heathen hearts a Christian nature wore,

And feelings sprang which never bloom'd before,

As toil'd he there with apostolic truth,

Redeem'd her Aged, and reform'd her Youth,

For praise to honour with a pow'rless line

A heart so deep, a spirit so divine^s !

He liv'd ; he died ; in life and death the same,

A Christian martyr,—whose majestic fame

In beacon glory o'er the world shall blaze,

And lighten empires with celestial rays !

While Virtue throbs, or human hearts admire

A poet's feeling with a prophet's fire ;

While pure Religion hath a shrine to own,

Or Man can worship at his Maker's throne !

END OF BOOK I.

OXFORD.



PART II.

The still air of delightful studies.

MILTON.

——— to range

Where silver Isis leads the stripling feet ;

Pace the long avenue, or glide adown

The stream-like windings of that glorious street !

WORDSWORTH.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

The proud feelings arising from a survey of the past—commencement of College life—entrance into Oxford—first morning in the University—chapel service—a walk through the town—the New Clarendon—circulation of the Scriptures—sublime hopes—picture of the Indian reading his Bible—return to Oxford life—the freshman—acquaintances—characters—difficulty and danger of selection—importance of the first step in College life—the pure associations of Home—advancement and triumph—the reprobate—Tutors—Fellowships—collegiate retirement considered in reference to happiness—reflections on the same—chime of evening bells—the student—fascinations of midnight study—mental and physical effects—Night-scene—moonlight—its splendours—reflective conclusion—time—youth—retrospections and anticipations—thirst for fame and struggles for renown—the evanescent nature of human glory—a farewell view, and apostrophe to Heaven.

PART II.

AND thus o'er Alma Mater's matchless few
Hath Fancy wander'd in her fleet review ;
And, oh my Country ! glorious, grand, and free,
Soul of the world ! what spirits hallow thee !—
There is a magic in thy mighty name,
A swell of glory, and a sound of fame ;
And myriads feel upon thy hills and plains
The patriot blood rush warmer to their veins,
As all thou wert, and art, the mind surveys
With burning wonder and enchanted gaze !—

To this proud scene of architect'ral pride,
To all but her, the ocean-fam'd, denied,—
A parent sends with many a bosom'd fear
His child, to arm him for the world's career.
Nor deem unawful that remember'd hour
When Fate and Fortune with seductive pow'r,
To Inexperience prove their blended claim,
And lead to honour, or allure to shame.—
At length, young Novice! comes that fond farewell
Which words deny, but tears as truly tell;
The distance won,—behold! at ev'ning hour
Thine eye's first wonder fix'd on Maudlin tower,
Then gothic glories, as they swell to view
In steepled vastness, dark with ages' hue:



Drawn by A. & Vickers.

Engraved by J. Sheehy.

**VIEW OF OXFORD,
FROM MAGDALEN BRIDGE.**

*The distance won behold in evening hours;
Thine eyes first wonder traced on Magdalen tower
Then gothic glories, as they swell to view
In steep'd vales, dark with ages hue.*

Memoriana, 1827, page 114.



And on thine ear when first the morn-bells wake,
As o'er the wind their jangling echoes shake,
Delighted fancy will illumine thy brow,
To feel thyself in ancient Oxford now!

Collegiate life next opens on thy way,
Begins at morn, and mingles with the day;
The pillar'd cloister, in whose twilight gloom
Dark dreams arise, like shadows from the tomb,
Now hears thy step: and well at first, I ween,
The stately Chapel with her sculptur'd screen,
The windows dim, where Bible dramas live
For ages, in the glow which colours give,—
Till when the sunbeams mellowingly pass

Through vested figures on the tinted glass,
Priest, saint, and prophet, all are glowing there,
With kneeling martyrs at their dying prayer!—
The graven fretwork on the gothic wall,
And flow'ry roof that overarches all,—
Unite for thee, with young amazement warm,
In the full freshness of romantic charm.

And now the walk of wonder through the town
In the first flutter of a virgin gown!
From cap and robe, what awkward shyness steals,
How wild a truth the dazzl'd Novice feels!
Restless the eye, his voice a nervous sound,
While laughing echoes are alive around;

Each look he faces seems on him to leer,
And fancied giggles are for ever near !
Through High Street then,—the town's majestic pride
Array'd with palaces on either side,
By sunshine blazon'd, or by moonlight veil'd,
Where heroes triumph'd, and what monarchs hail'd *,—
He roams : him tradesmen's greedy eyes behold,
Each pocket gaping for a freshman's gold.
The Clarendon may next a look beguile,
Theatric dome, and Ashmoléan pile ;
Or Bodley's chambers †, where in dusky rows
The volum'd wonders of the past repose ;
Or some bold thought a wayward fancy rules,

* See Royal Visit.

† The Bodleian.

To take a freeze of horror from the Schools,
From lofty benches send a downward gaze,
Hear awful sounds, and dream of future days!

Yet once again a vasty wonder view,
The second Clarendon, superbly new :
Majestic pile ! which mental arts pervade,
And glowing pages, for the world array'd.
Then pause, and think ;—for there, a sense sublime
How proud a victor over Space and Time
When Mind hath wielded her undaunted power,
Is man,—the slave and monarch of an hour !
Comes, o'er the spirit with unutter'd thought,
Like melody with years of feeling fraught !

Yet not the miracles of England's Press,
That mighty Oracle to curse or bless!—
Alone the worship of high thought demand,
Lo! earth-wide dreams around the soul expand,
As dwells thy gaze on yon enormous piles
Of hallow'd books, for heathen lands, and isles ;
A god-like present for benighted Man
Where Truth hath wander'd, or where Mercy can!

Transcendent power!—ere changing years have flown,
Their spirit speaks to every clime and zone!
The hut, the hovel, or the cottage wild
Where Famine shudders o'er her weeping child,
Their living voice of holiness and love,

Like angel tones, shall visit from above.
Omnipotence is there!—a power to be
The God on earth, salvation's deity.
Thou Infidel! in tomb-like darkness laid,
By Heav'n deserted, and by earth betray'd ;
And thou! pale mutt'rer in some midnight cell,
Whose sad to-morrow is a dream of hell!
There is a voice to wake, a word to spread,
Deep as the thunders that arouse the dead ;
That sound is heard!—a welcome from the skies,—
Despair is vanquish'd, and Dejection flies ;
Hope fills a heart where agonies have been,
The dungeon brightens, and a God is seen !

Immortal pages! may your spirit pour
Unceasing day, till mental night be o'er.—
In fiery lands, where roving Ganga reigns,
Eternal pilgrim of a thousand plains!
The tawny Indian, when the day is done,
And blazing waters redden in the sun,
While shadow'd branches in their boundless play
Of leafy wantonness, the earth array,—
Behold him seated, with his babes around,
To fathom myst'ries where a God is found!
The book is op'd, a wondrous page began,
Where heav'n is offer'd to forgiven man;
Lo! as he reads, what awe-like wonder steals
On all he fancies, and on all he feels!

Till o'er his mind, by mute devotion wrought,
The gleaming twilight of celestial thought
Begins, and heav'n-ey'd Faith beholds above
A God of glory, and a Lord of love!—
“Thou dread Unknown! Thou unimagin'd Whole!
The vast Supreme, and Universal Soul,
Oft in the whirlwind have I shap'd Thy form,
Or, thron'd in thunder heard Thee sway the storm!
And when the ocean's heaving vastness grew
Black with Thy curse,—my spirit darken'd too!
But when the world beneath a sun-gaze smil'd,
And not a frown the sleeping air defil'd,
Then I have lov'd Thee, Thou parental One,
Thy wrath a tempest, and Thy smile a sun!

But if there be, as heav'n-breath'd words relate,
A seraph home in some hereafter state,
Almighty Power! thy dark-soul'd Indian see,
And grant the mercy that has bled for me!"

And, oh! if prayer so weak as mine may blend
With purer sighs that ceaselessly ascend,
While now the wings of vengeance are unfurl'd,
And clouds of woe come black'ning o'er the world!
May England shed on every zone and isle,
The full reflection of her SAVIOUR's smile!—
When all the glories of Creation fail,
When thrones are shiver'd, and when kingdoms quail;
Yea, when that ocean which proclaim'd her grand,

Rolls into nothing at the high command!—

Eternity shall chronicle the fame

Of her who honour'd a REDEEMER's name^a!—

—O'er Oxford thus the staring freshman roves,

By solemn temples, or secluded groves ;

Then, introduced,—the social charms begin

By tongues that flatter, or by hearts that win ;

Mien, mind, and manner,—all in varied style

Now woo his fortune, or reflect his smile.

For here, as in the world's unbounded sphere

The countless traits of character appear.—

In some proud youth of feeling soul we find

The winning magic of a noble mind ;

Truth, taste, and sense through all he does pervade,
No goodness lost, no principle betray'd ;
Another,—wildness marks his mien and tone !
His hand extends—and honours are his own ;
Eternal plaudits in his ear resound,
He rides on wings, while others walk the ground !
A contrast see, whom arts nor dreams inspire,—
The booby offspring of a booby sire,
With leaden visage passionlessly cold,
And ev'ry feeling round himself enroll'd.
Then, happy Pertness, how sincerely vain !
And, sour Perfection,—what sublime disdain !
For ever in detractive art employ'd,
No virtue welcom'd, and no book enjoy'd :

Then, pompous Learning, deeply read and skill'd
In pages which profoundest heads have fill'd,
Yet harsh and tasteless, and but rarely fraught
With something sprung from self-created thought.
But, save me heaven ! from what no words can tell,—
A human Nothing, made of strut and swell,
Who thinks no University contains
Sufficient wisdom to reward his brains ;
Yet, frothy Creature ! what a vacant skull !
In all but falsehood, villainously dull ;
Big words and oaths in one wild volley roll,
And Nature blushes for so mean a soul !

Begirt by these, how oft may heart-warm Youth

Grow blindly fond, and misinterpret truth,
When feelings in their flush'd dominion lend
To fancied kindness what completes a friend?
Now dawns the moment, doom'd in future years
To waken triumph, or be born in tears,
When morals sway, religion lives or dies,
And cited principles to action rise.—
Oh! thou o'er whom a mother's eye hath wept,
Or round thy cradle frequent vigils kept;
Whose infant soul a father's love survey'd,
And oft for thee with Heaven communion made;
Be thine the circle where true Friendship lives
In the pure light exalted spirit gives^b;
And far from thee the infamous and vile,

Who murder feeling with a stoic smile,
Blaspheme the innocence of early days,
Make virtue vice, impiety a praise,
Disease the health of unpolluted mind,
And call it glory to disgrace mankind !
What though the eye may sparkle o'er the glass,
Or fondling words for fascination pass,
While flow'rs of friendship oft appear to bloom,
Born in the sunshine of a festive room,—
A day will come when sterner truths prevail,
And friendship dwindles into folly's tale !
But should'st thou waver, when the awful hour
Of pleasure tempteth with a demon's pow'r,

And time and circumstance together seem
To dazzle nature with too bright a dream,—
Let home and virtue, what thou wert and art,
A mother's feeling, and a father's heart,
Full on thy mem'ry rise with blended charm,
And all the serpent in thy soul disarm !
For who shall say, when first temptations win
A yielding mind to some enchanted sin,
What future crime, that *once* appear'd too black
For life to wander o'er its hell-ward track,
May lead the heart to some tremendous doom,
Whose midnight hovers round an early tomb ?
Let home be vision'd, where thy budding days
Their beauty open'd on a parent's gaze.

For there, what memories of thee abound!—
Thy chamber echoes with its wonted sound ;
The flow'r you rear'd, a sister's nursing hand
Still fondly guards, and helps each leaf expand ;
The page you ponder'd with delighted brow
Was ever dear,—but oh ! far dearer now ;
The walk you lov'd with her sweet smile to share,
She oft repeats, and paints your image there ;
And when a glory hath array'd the sky,
Her fancy revels in your fav'rite die ;
While oft at evening, when domestic bloom
Hath flung a freshness round a social room,
When hearts unfold, and music's winged note
Can waft a feeling wheresoe'er it float,

Some chord is touch'd, whose melodies awake
The pang of fondness for a brother's sake ;
And eyes are conscious, as they gaze around
Where looks are falling, there a son was found !
Let home begird thee like a guardian dream,
And time will wander an unsullied stream,
Whose wildest motion is the rippled play
Of rapid moments as they roll away !—
Meanwhile, delightful studies, deep and strong,
To graduate honours waft thy soul along ;
They come at length ! and high in listed fame
A college hails, a country reads thy name ;
And in that list when first thy name appears,
What triumph sparkles in those happy tears !—

In afterlife, when Oxford's ancient towers
May rise in shadow on thy museful hours,
Or college friend a college scene restore,
Thy heart will banquet on the bliss of yore !
Now mark a contrast, in whose meanness lies
What purer thought should soaringly despise.—
From careless boyhood to uncultur'd man
Indulg'd to act, ere principle began ;
With just enough of spirit for excess,
And heart which nothing, save a vice, can bless,—
In Oxford, see the reprobate appear !
Big with the promise of a mad career.
With cash and consequence to lead the way,
A fool by night, and more than fop by day,—

What happy vileness doth his lot reveal,
How Folly burns with imitative zeal,
Whene'er the shadows of his greatness fall
In festive chamber, or collegiate hall !
Romantic lot!—to vegetate secure
From all that might to mental paths allure ;
To wake each morning with no deeper thought,
Than that which yesterday's excess hath brought ;
Then, wing'd by impulse, as the day proceeds,
To follow where coxcomic fashion leads,—
Hark ! Woodstock rattles with eternal wheels,
And hounds are ever barking at his heels,
The chapel, voted a terrific bore,
The “ Dons,”—head-pieces for the college door !

The lecture scouted, the degree revil'd,
And Alma Mater all save *alma* styl'd!—
Thus on; till night advance, whose reign divine
Is chastely dedicate to cards and wine,
Where modest themes amusive tongues excite,
And faces redden with the soul's delight;
A Roman banquet! with Athenian flow'rs
Of festive wit, to charm the graceful hours!—

Alas! that Truth must fling a doleful shade
On the bright portrait which her hand hath made!
Few years have fled,—and what doth now remain
Of him the haughty, who but smil'd disdain
On all that Virtue in her meekness dar'd,

Ambition hoped, or principle declar'd ?
His friends are dead ; his fortune sunk away
In midnight Hells, where midnight demons play ;
A wither'd skeleton of sin and shame,
With nought but infamy to track his name,
The wreck of fortune, with despairing sighs,
Fades from the world, and like a felon dies !

A nobler theme ! ere yet my strain conclude,—
The learn'd and gifted, dignified and good ;
Those tasteful guides, by whose directing hand
The seeds of learning ripen or expand :
And if one task there be the soul to try,
Whose with'ring toils a due reward defy,

On them it falls whom Merit ranks her own,
And Talent seats on Education's throne.—
Each mode of mind,—the stubborn, wise, or stern,
The headstrong wit that cannot stoop to learn,—
The dunce or drone, the freshman or the fool,
'Tis their's to counsel, teach, o'erawe, and rule !
Their only meed,—some execrating word
To blight the hour when first their voice was heard,
Too often paid, when puny coxcombs dare
To prove the nothingness of what they are !

Yet well may such a doom be nobly fac'd ;
There comes a scene by no dark cloud disgrac'd,—
An hour when Genius, borne aloft to fame,

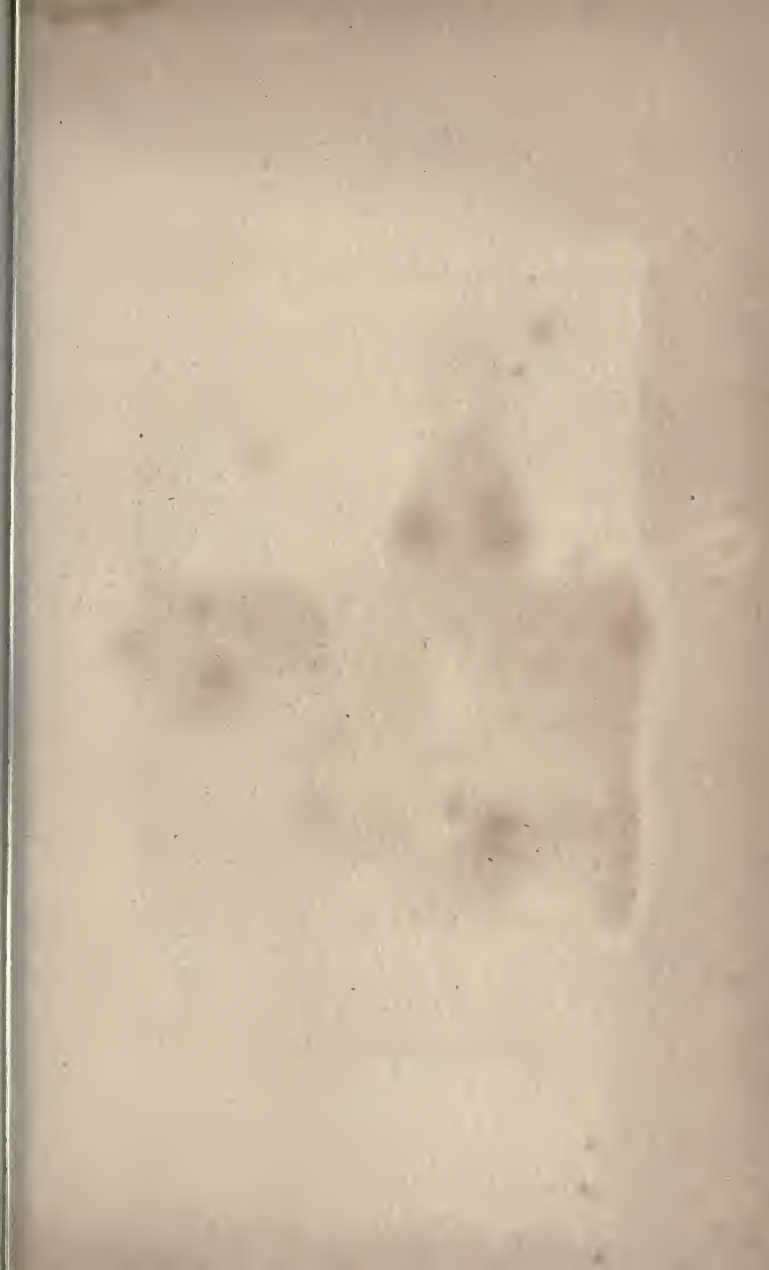
On Oxford sheds the brightness of her name,
Where first her wings the eagle height explor'd,
Where now she reigns, adoring and ador'd!
Then he who taught her, shares with proud surprise,
And dewy gladness of delighted eyes,
That hour triumphant, when a world repays
The toilful glories of collegiate days.—
Ah! who forgets the parents of the mind?
What heart so dead, as no deep bliss to find
In thoughts which wander to their school-day scene,
Though years and distance darkly intervene?
The foot-worn mead, the playmate, wood, and walk
So sweetly shar'd in tenderness and talk,
The feats and pranks of undejected youth,

When fancy wore a fairy mask of truth,—
Dull, drear, and worldly is the soul that sees
No smile reflected from such joys as these !

And they who haunt, from year to year content,
The sacred home where studious hours were spent,—
There are who think their stormless life must be
One still romance of mental liberty.
Yet mind alone, whate'er the lot or state,
Her true delight must fancy or create ;
From her the sunshine and the shadows fall,
That brighten, tint, and overstay it all.—
The daily clock-work of collegiate life,
Where nought is new, but Convocation strife ;

The bigotry which olden times beget,
A sickly dulness, and a stale regret
For aught that seems of reformation sprung,
To let in light where ancient cobwebs hung,—
If such combine, where weaker traits are found,
Who would not mourn that fellowships abound?—
The mighty brothers of the Sun and Moon,
Who tremble, lest a lip should smile too soon ;
Nor treat their mouths except with college twang,
Where heavy words in heavy speeches hang ;
Who hate the present, but adore the past,
And think *their* world the only one to last,—
How pitiful ! should such a race be seen,
Where all the monarchs of the mind have been !—

Retirement, classic love, and studious ease,
A heart that deems it no disgrace to please,
With retrospections fond of other days,
When minds were nurs'd, that now repeat their praise,—
A lot so calm no virtue will destroy,
But season life for solitary joy.
And yet, let shades of accident unite
In happy union for its best delight,
A life of learning is a life forlorn :—
Be mine the world which social scenes adorn ;
Where Woman's heart the central bliss is found,
And happiness,—the smile it sheds around !
But Night is thron'd ; and full before me frown





Drawn by A. G. Vickers.

Engraved by Percy Heath.

CHRIST CHURCH TOWER.

*"But hark! the warning sounds of Wolsey's bell
Float o'er the city like his last farewell,
While answering temples with obedient sound,
Peal to the night, & moan sad music round."*

Montgomery's Oxford, page 141

The dusky steeples that o'ertop the town ;
High in the midst, a dark-dom'd grandeur see,—
The Radcliffe, pile of age-worn majesty ;
Around it, silver'd by some window ray,
Whirls many a smoke-wreath in ascending play :
Beneath, what massy roofs immingl'd lie,
Mishap'd by fancy, till they awe the eye !
Hush'd are the groves, in verdant darkness veil'd,
The winds unheard, as though they ne'er had rail'd.—
But, hark !—the waving sounds of Wolsey's^d bell
Float o'er the city like his last farewell,
While answ'ring temples, with obedient sound,
Peal to the night, and moan sad music round ;
But dread o'er all, like thunder heard in dreams,

The warning spirit of that echo seems !—

Now gates are barr'd ; and, faithful to his stand

The crusty porter, with his key-worn hand.

Yet not with day, the day-born studies end ;

Wan cheeks, and weary brows,—I see them bend

O'er haughty pages breathing ancient mind,

For Man and Immortality design'd :

The brain may burn, the martyr'd health may fail,

And sunken eyelids speak a mournful tale

Of days protracted into hideous length,

Till mind is dead, and limbs deny their strength !

Still, honours woo !—and may they smile on thee,

Whoe'er thou art, that hop'st their smile to see ;

Hours, days, and years, severer far than thine,

In toil, and gloom, and loneliness, are mine!

The Day is earth, but holy Night is heaven!

To her a solitude of soul is given,

Within whose depth, how beautiful to dream,

And fondly be, what others vainly seem!—

Oh! 'tis an hour of consecrated might,

For Earth's Immortals have ador'd the night;

In song or vision yielding up the soul

To the deep grandeur of her still control.—

My own lov'd hour! there comes no hour like thee,

No world so glorious as thou forms't for me!

The fever'd ocean of eventful day,—

To waveless nothing how it ebbs away !
As oft the chamber, where some haunted page
Renews a poet, or revives a sage
In pensive Athens, or sublimer Rome,—
To mental quiet woos the Spirit home.
There stillness reigns,—how eloquently deep !
And soundless air, more beautiful than sleep.
Let Winter sway,—her dream-like sounds inspire :
The billowy murmur of a blazing fire ;
The hail-drop, hissing as it melts away
In twinkling gleams of momentary play ;
Or wave-like swell of some retreated wind
In dying sadness echo'd o'er the mind,—
But gently ruffle into varied thought

The calm of feeling blissful night has brought.—
How eyes the spirit with contented gaze
The chamber mellow'd into social haze,
And smiling walls, where rank'd in solemn rows
The wizard volumes of the mind repose!
Thus, well may hours like fairy waters glide,
Till morning glimmers o'er their reckless tide ;
While dreams, beyond the realm of day to view,
Around us hover in seraphic hue ;
Till Nature pines for intellectual rest,—
When home awakens, and the heart is blest ;
Or, from the window reads our wand'ring eye
The starry language of Chaldean sky ;
And gathers in that one vast gaze above,

A bright eternity of awe and love!

So heavenly seems the visionary night :

But, ah ! the danger in its deep delight.—

The Mind, then beautify'd to fond excess,

Will all things dare to brighten, or to bless :

A world of sense more spiritual is made,

Than the stern eye of nature hath survey'd ;

Some false perfection which hath never been,

By fancy woven, lives through every scene ;

But morn awakes,—and, lo the spells unwind,

As daylight melts like darkness o'er the mind !

The worldly coarseness of our common lot

Recalls the shadows which the Night forgot ;

Each dream of loftiness then dies away,
And heav'n-light withers in the frown of Day!—
And then, the languor of each parching vein,
And the hot weariness of blood and brain;
That hideous shade of something dread to be,—
Oh, fatal midnight! these are doom'd for thee.
Each breeze comes o'er us with tormenting wing,
Each pulse of sound an agony can bring;
As though the glory of neglected Light
Would task our torture to avenge her right!—
Let Chatterton thy deathful charm reveal,
And mournful White, who from thy depth would steal
A whelming sense of some unvision'd Pow'r,
Around prevailing at thine earthless hour^e:

And oft, methinks, in loneliness of heart
As noons of night in mental calm depart,
My room is sadden'd with the mingled gaze
Of those who martyr'd their ambitious days ;
The turf-grass o'er their tombs,—I see it wave,
And visions waft me to a kindred grave !

But lo ! the yielding dark hath gently died,
And stars are sprinkled o'er the azure tide
Of lustrous air, that high and far prevails,
Where now the night-enchancing glory sails.—
City of fame ! when Morn's first wings of light
Have wav'd in beauty o'er thy temples bright ;
When noontide glows, or darkness hath begun
To veil a grandeur that withstood the sun,—





Drawn by A. G. Vickers.

Engraved by J. Romney.

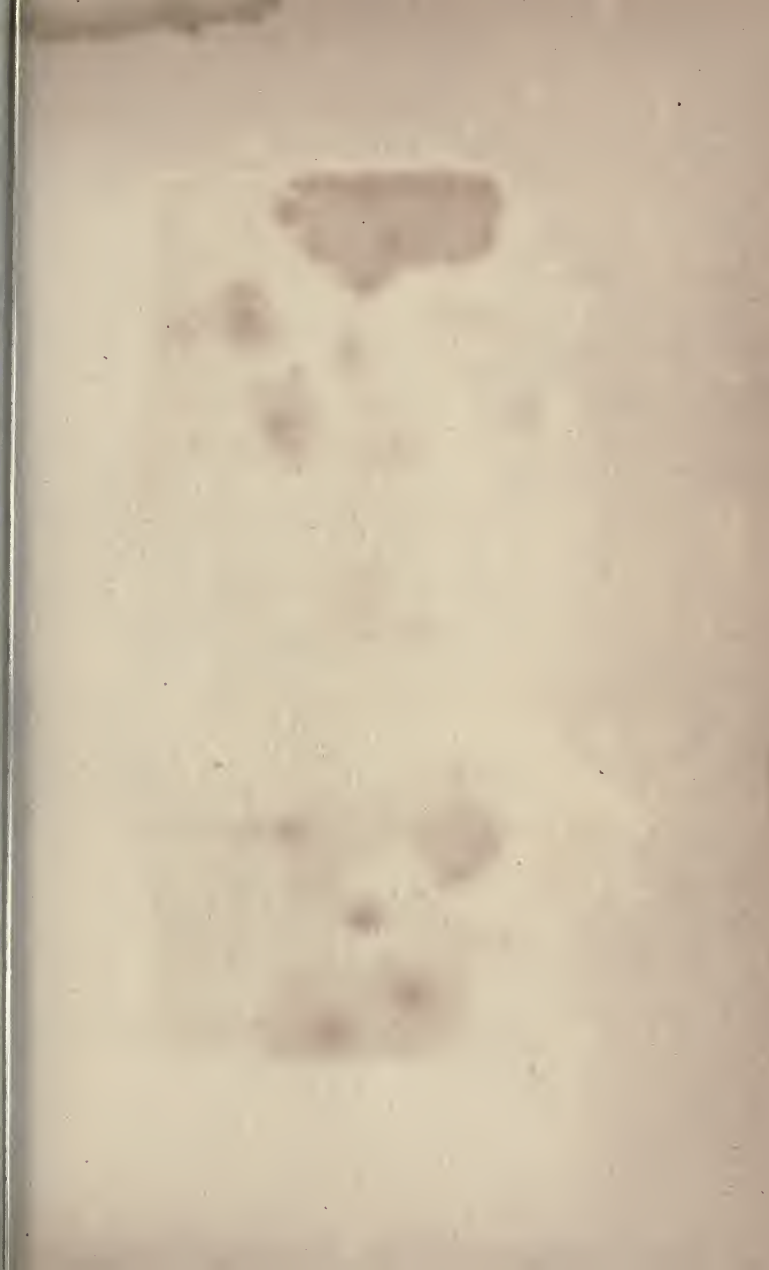
NORTH VIEW OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

*"The stony mantles of thy massive piles,
Now silvered o'er by melancholy smiles,
With more than language, spirit-like appeals
To the high sense impassioned nature feels"*

Montgomery's Ode on page 14, g.

Have I beheld thee ; but a moonrise seems,
Like hues that wander from a heav'n of dreams,
To hallow thee, as there thy temples stand
Sublimely tender, or serenely grand ;
Spire, tow'r, and pinnacle, a dim array,
Whose wizard shadows in the moonlight sway !—
The stony muteness of thy massive piles,
Now silver'd o'er by melancholy smiles,
With more than language, spirit-like appeals
To the high sense impassion'd nature feels
Of all that gloriously, in earth or sky,
Exacts the worship of her gazing eye !—
There is a magic in the moon-lit hour
Which day hath never in his deepest pow'r

Of light and bloom, when bird and bee resound,
And new-born flow'rs imparadise the ground!
And ne'er hath city since a moon began
To hallow nature for the soul of man,
Steep'd in the freshness of her fairy light,—
More grandly shone, than Oxford shines to-night!
No lines of harshness on her temples frown,
But all in one soft magic melted down,—
Sublimed grown, through mellow air they rise,
And seem with vaster swell to awe the skies!
On arched windows how intensely gleams
The glassy whiteness of reflected beams!
Whose radiant slumber on the marble tomb
Of mitred founders in funereal gloom,





Drawn by A. G. Vickery.

SCENE ON THE ISIS.

*"Yet once again! shall summer barks be seen,
And harrowed waters, where their flight has been;
While soundina Rapture, as her heroes speed*

Extends ; or else, in pallid shyness falls
On gothic casements, or collegiate walls.—
The groves in silver-leaf'd array repose ;
And, Isis!—how serene thy current flows,
With tinted surface by the meadowy way,
Without a ripple, or a breeze at play :
Yet, once again shall summer barks be seen,—
And furrow'd waters, where their flight has been ;
While sounding Rapture, as her heroes speed
From Iffley locks, flies glorying o'er the mead,
Hails from the bank, as down the river ride
In oary swiftness of exulting pride
Her barks triumphal!—let the flag be rear'd,
And thousands echo, when the colour's cheer'd !—

Again, upon the wind a wafted swell
Of booming sound, proclaims a midnight bell!
Lo! phantom clouds come floating by the moon,
Then melt away,—like happiness, too soon!
And as they glide, an overshadowing smile
Of moving light is mirror'd on each pile.—
Farewell the scene! Farewell the fleeting song!
Wherein my spirit hath been borne along
In light and gloom through many a lonely hour,
With nought to gladden but its own weak power.
In morning youth far brighter dreams have play'd
Around a heart which hope has oft betray'd,
Than those which hover o'er this dying strain;
But,—faded once, they never form again!

Farewell to Oxford!—soon will flying years

The word awaken that is spoke by tears :—

When scheming boyhood plann'd my future lot,

No scene arose where Oxford center'd not ;

And now, as oft her many-mingled chimes

Swell into birth, like sounds of other times,

Prophetic life a woven myst'ry seems,

Unravell'd oft by consummated dreams !

Farewell !—if when I cease to haunt her scene

Some gentle heart remember I have been,

As Oxford, with her palaces and spires,

The mind ennobles, or the fancy fires,

No vain reward his chosen theme attends,

Howe'er the fate of him who sung it, ends!—

Oh! fearful Time, the fathomless of thought,

With what a myst'ry is thy meaning fraught!

Thy wings are noiseless in their rush sublime,

O'er scenes of glory, as o'er years of crime;

Yet comes a moment when thy speed is felt,

Till past and future through our being melt,

And a faint awfulness from worlds unknown

In shadowy darkness gathers round our own!

A moment!—well may that a moral be,

Whoe'er thou art, 'tis memory to thee:

A tomb it piled, a mother bore to heav'n,

Or, like a whirlwind o'er the ocean driv'n,

Rush'd on thy fate with desolating sway,
And flung a desert o'er thy darken'd sway!—
A moment!—midnight wears her wonted hue,
And orbs of beauty speck yon skyward view;
Deep, hush'd, and holy, is the world around,
But yet,—what energies of Life abound;
Fermenting through the mighty womb of space,
Where Time and Nature multiply their race,—
What hearts, whose awful destinies awake,
Till Heav'n and Hell some daring impulse make!
And thou! far universe to sight unknown,
Crown'd with thy God, and center'd by His throne!
Man cannot soar, but dreams would fain expand
Their winged pow'rs o'er thine unclouded land,

Where Glory circles from the mystic Three,
Where Life is Love, and Love is Deity!—

Who breathes, in good and ill must bear his part,

And each can tell a history of heart,

How Time hath ting'd the moral of his years

Through gloom or glory, triumph, pangs, or tears.

And yet, howe'er the spirit prove her right,

To give it voice is deem'd a vain delight ;

And far too deeply is my mem'ry fraught

With the cold lesson blighted hours have taught,

To think a life so valueless as mine,

With the stern feelings of a world may twine.

But words will swell from out excited mind,

As heave the waters to the booming wind,
In some fond mood, when dreaming thoughts control
Departed years that slumber in the soul!

Life still is young, but not the world, with me ;
For where the freshness I was wont to see ?
A bloom hath vanish'd from the face of things ;
Nor more the syren of enchantment sings
In sunny mead, or shady walk, or bow'r,
Like that which warbled o'er my youthful hour.

Let reason laugh, or elder wisdom smile
On the warm phantasies which youth beguile ;
There *is* a pureness in that glorious prime
That mingles not with our maturer time.

All earth is brighten'd from a sun within,
As yet unshaded by a world of sin,
While mind and nature blindingly array
In light and love, whate'er our dreams survey ;—
Though perils darken from the distant years,
They vanish, cloud-like, when a smile appears !
And the light woes that flutter o'er the mind
Are laugh'd away, as foam upon the wind.—
Thou witching Spirit of a younger hour !
Did I not feel thee in thy fullest power ?
Attest, ye glories ! flash'd from clouds and skies
On the deep wonder of adoring eyes,
As oft school-free, I worshipp'd, lone and still,
The rosy sunset from some haunted hill ;

Or op'd my lattice, when the moon-shine lay

In sleep-like beauty on the brow of Day,

To watch the mystery of moving stars,

Through ether gliding on melodious cars ;

Or musing wander'd, ere the hectic morn,

To see how beautiful the sun was born !—

A reign of glory from my soul hath past,

And each Elysium prov'd mere Earth at last ;

Yet mourn I not in mock or puling strain,

For joys are left, which never beam in vain !—

The voice of friends, the changeless eye of love,

And, oh ! that bliss all other bliss above,—

To know, if shadow frown, or sunshine fall,

There is One Spirit who pervadeth all !

In youth, ambition was the nursing fire

That quicken'd all bright-omen'd dreams inspire

Of glory, when Titanic spirits claim

A godlike heirship of undying fame !—

By lake, or wood, or scenes of cloist'ral calm,

When air descendeth in melodious balm ;

Or, wildly roving with the sun and shade

Wherever Earth her phantasies display'd,—

Where heav'd a billow, or outspake a wind

In tones of passion to accordant mind,

How oft I ponder'd in delighted mood

On the bright themes of England's gratitude !—

And tell, ye! whom high nature hath endow'd
With wing-like thoughts that soar beyond the crowd,
How Energy would dare to swell and rise,
What gleams of glory would entrance her eyes,
When words of Fame like heav'nly music roll'd
O'er the wild spirit which her pow'r controll'd!—

And is that Fame, for which our feelings pine
With yearning fondness, not indeed divine?
Are lofty impulses of soul and sense,
For ever teaching her omnipotence,
A mimicry of fine emotions? born
From the gay wildness of a youthful morn?—
Time, Truth, and Nature speak a nobler tale!

Her pomp may perish, and her brightness fail,
But all that verdure which the spirit laid
O'er the dry wilderness the world display'd,
In living freshness shall outbloom the hour,
And scatter earth with many a secret flow'r.—
Oh ! 'tis not fame, to form the midnight show
Where Vice and Vanity alike may go ;
It is not fame, to hear the shallow prate
Of busy fondness, or intriguing hate,
To feast on sounds of patronizing pride,
And wring from dulness what the world deny'd,—
A high-soul'd nature is her own renown !
Whate'er the jewels that compose her crown.
For 'mid the barrenness of mortal strife,
And daily nothings of uneasy life,

The spirit thirsteth for a purer world ;
O'er this the wings of fancy are unfurl'd ;
Hence painter's hue and poet's dream are brought,
And the rich paradise of blooming thought !
To quench that thirst,—let heav'n-born feelings flow,
Let genius wake ! let inspiration glow !—
Why thus we panted for a world like this
May form a knowledge in our future bliss.

All are not fram'd alike : Love, Hope, and Youth,
That guard our age, and glorify our youth,
To various minds a varied tone impart ;
What this man freezes,—fires another's heart !
The words that waken melodies of soul,

In tuneless ears, monotonously roll ;
The shapes and shadows which Creation forms,
And Fancy moulds from seasons and from storms
To living beauty, or to lovely hue,
And waves them phantom-like before our view,—
Will rouse the life-blood into fresher play
Of him who visions what the words array :
Another, eyeless save to sterner things,
Will frown them back as false imaginings !—
And thus in nature, as her vales reply
To voices wafted where the echoes lie,
Our spirits answer to appeals alone,
When tun'd accordant with some inward tone.—
I've stood entranc'd beneath as bright a sun,

As Poet's dream hath ever gaz'd upon,
In the warm stillness of that wooing hour
When skies are floating with seraphic pow'r,—
The gales expiring in melodious death,
The waters hush'd, the woods without a breath,—
And worshipp'd, till dissolving sense, away
Seem'd gently dying in the soul of day!
But when I look'd where lay immingled forms
Of fairy mountains or refulgent storms,
Till whelming glory o'er the ether came,
Like spirits wafted on their wings of flame!
And linked cloudlets, delicately bright
Form'd in the paleness of departing light,—
Each fainting into each, a long array,

Like lovely echoes when they glide away!—

Another babbled in that beauteous hour,

The stony martyr of a dead'ning pow'r!

Thou young aspirer! dar'st thou dream of fame,

And hope another Age will read thy name?—

The vague-like stirrings of each voiceless pride,

The pangs unutter'd, by the soul supply'd,

The ghastly dimness of dejected hope,

By dreams assail'd, with which no pride can cope;

Those nameless thoughts of venom'd fierceness, sent

From the dark heavings of our discontent;

And, dreader still,—the clouds of daily life

That welter round us in disease, or strife,

And the cold atmosphere of worldly sway

Where Life is self, and self the life of day,—

In mingled pow'r will oft thy soul appal ;

Too well I picture, for I felt them all !

Yet bear thou on !—and when some breathing page

Of godlike poet or divinest sage ;

When fire-like energies of soul begin

To thrill the passion that is born within,—

Then let thy Spirit in her pow'r arise,

And dare to speak the language of the skies !

Her voice may fail, in deathlike muteness lost,

Her hopes be visions, and those visions crost ;

But, pure and noble if thy song began,

And pour'd high meaning in the heart of man,

Not echoless perchance a note hath been

In some lone heart, or unimagin'd scene.—

How many a breeze that wings a noiseless way,

How many a streamlet unbeheld by day,

How many a sunbeam lights a lonely flow'r,

Yet works unseen in its creative pow'r!—

Then highly soar, whene'er thy spirit feels

The vivid light intensity reveals ;

Unchill'd by scorn, undarken'd by despair,—

So martyrs liv'd, and such the mighty were !

These are not days of sympathetic glow,

When feeling sanctions what our smiles bestow :

A false refinement, and a stale desire

For something grander than our hopes desire

Pervades a world of intellectual sway,

Till merit droops, and effort dies away.—

Some fond idolaters enthrone a mind,

And by its standard measure all mankind :

No genius great, no inspiration strong,

No free-born thoughts to fountain truths belong,

Save his, who fawningly endures to pay

A fellow worship,—and be wise as they.

There is a pleasure in a praise deny'd,

It feeds a folly, or protects a pride,

It teaches dullness what no wit can say,—

“ I don't approve,—let no one write to day.”

Thou narrow-minded, petty, pompous thing !

What lent a feather to the boldest wing

Of soaring fancy,—but a praise when due ?

And would'st thou hive it for the darling few ?

Though Shakespeare sang, and Milton's soul aspir'd,

Must Gray be scorn'd, nor Goldsmith be admir'd ?—

As well might Ocean of the Earth demand,

To let no river roll, no stream expand,

As well might mountains that embrace the skies

Entreat the heav'ns to let no hills arise,—

As mole-ey'd bigots sourly hope to see

The world of Mind one vast monotony !—

With others, envy hath gangren'd the soul,
Or darken'd Nature with diseas'd control;
A fault they love, a merit worthless call,
Their praise the loudest, where it least should fall!—
An envious feeling!—'tis a poison'd fire,
That frets a hell from hours that should inspire!
The cloudless ether where high spirits soar
Was breath'd from homage which they won of yore;
To laud a merit is to spread that sphere,
And make it brighter for thine own to steer.—
Eternal Spirit! while thy day-beams smile
Around my path in many a sunny while,
Their shining truth, oh! let my gaze deny,
Ere merit sickens on mine envious eye:

As ocean kindles to her native sun,
As waters freshen when the wind's begun,
So brightening, quick'ning, let my soul confess,
When genius wakens her almightiness!—

Such dimming shades, thou young aspirer! wait
On all who seek to glorify their state.
But should'st thou, wafted by a fearless gale,
Ascend a height, no vulgar clouds assail;
Should fame encrown thee, and thy mind infuse
O'er other minds its vivifying hues;
Wake feeling, passion, and the power sublime
That bids eternity o'ershadow time!—
The sunny raptures of renown enjoy,

But deem, oh! deem them not without alloy.—

The smile of nations may illumine thy fame,

The good repeat, the glorious love thy name,—

Still, tongues of scorn, and words of venom'd power

To be the vipers of a secret hour,

The petty tribute, and unfeeling phrase

That nought but iciness of soul betrays,—

Demand forgiveness in thy brightest reign;—

On every pleasure! frowns the demon, pain!

But deeper peril is the praise that gives

That very light in which young genius lives.

* A tyrant weakness is the worst to see,—

* It has been said, that Heaven, which gave great qualities only to a small number of its favourites, gave vanity to all, as a full compensation.—
(*Brown's Philosophy.*)

All men are vain, yet all hate vanity;
When safely felt, most insecurely shown,
For who endures it,—save it smile his own?
Yet should that energy, whose quenchless ray
Burns through the blackest and the brightest day,
Intensely pure within thy spirit glow,
And colour dreams beyond the world to know;
If, eagle-like, thy spirit dares to soar
On bolder wing than it had wav'd before;
If virtue love, and wisdom charm thy train,—
If *this* be vanity,—then still be vain!

Oh! Life, and Fame, to which our natures cling,
And Glory! with thine archangelic wing,

Fleeter than sunshine is the mocking sway
Of all that dazzles your enchanted day.—
Thou mighty Fathomer of all we feel!
If I have worshipp'd with intenser zeal
Their fading brightness, that became a mind
For some eternity of thought design'd,
In the deep sadness of a midnight hour
Oh! breathe a spirit of sublimer power.
When I reflect on all that man hath been,
When god-like thron'd o'er some majestic scene,
Or prison'd in the pettiness of life,
And torn from goodness by each torturing strife,
Then feel Hereafter rushing o'er my soul
In light or gloom, as conscience may control!—

The shadowy nothingness of earth I see,
And find the world one gorgeous vanity!—
Oh! never has some haunting sense of gloom,
From the dark certainty of coming doom,
My spirit freed from its enthralling sway;
By night a presence, and a power by day
To round each vision with an awful hue
Of more than midnight, in her darkest view!

The air is hush'd, and how omnipotent!
Let no stern thought be with its stillness blent.
The savage words of each ungen'rous foe,
Vain, true, or envious,—may their meaning go
To that oblivion of forgiving heart,

Which, scorn'd or welcom'd, makes its better part.

Whate'er my spirit, in it lives a fire

Beyond the tortures of the world to tire,

And, fam'd or fameless, may it dare to soar

And ev'ry element of good adore.—

Oh! for a nobler and a deeper sense

Of all that forms our true preeminence ;

For high-born energies of heavenly sway,

And flow'rs of charity to strew the way,—

That Sin no longer may the world defile,

And Nature glory in a good man's smile,

As on we hasten to that dreamless shore

Where Passion sleeps, and Prejudice is o'er!

The days of fever, and the nights of fire,
Felt in the blood till health and hope expire ;
The ghastly slumber, and the spectral tomb
For ever yawning in the spirit's gloom ;
And that most agonizing waste of soul
Where all the billows of excitement roll,
Morn, noon, and night in one corrosive play,—
Are thine, ambition!—till thou wear'st away.
And, mix'd with agonies of outward state,
That inward torment, which thy dreams create
By thirst within for some perfection made
By thought alone, or never yet display'd
Like the pure model which the mind surveys—
'Tis thine to suffer through uncounted days!

Yet, welcome all!—If ever thought of mine
Hath woo'd a spirit into calm divine,
Expanded feelings, purified their flow,
Or shed a sunbeam o'er an hour of woe,—
My soul shall triumph o'er exhaustless pain,
And proudly think it has not liv'd in vain!

There is a world, to drown a world like this
In one bright depth of uncreated bliss!
And dreamlike shadows of that world remain
To awe our nature with majestic pain.
As the pale spirit of departed sun
Broods on the waters when the day is done,
Undying hues of some forgotten world,
From which primeval Nature hath been hurl'd,

To man's oblivion,—tinge the soul within
With solemn light, beyond the gloom of sin!—
Beneath the glory of Eternal wings
When Heaven resounds, and Earth's hosannah rings,
If in the splendour of that choral scene
A chastening memory of what has been
May still endure,—when Souls to Souls relate
The toils that ruffled their terrestrial state,
How vision-like will this vast world be thought,
And all we worship,—prov'd a dream of nought!

Ye midnight heav'ns! magnificently hung,
In ev'ry age by every poet sung,
One parting glance, oh! let my spirit take
Ere dawn-light on your awful beauty break.

With what intensity the eye reveres
Yon starry legions, when their pomp appears !—
As though the glances cent'ries have giv'n,
Since dreams first wander'd o'er the vast of heav'n,
Had left a magic where a myst'ry shone,
Enchanting more, the more 'tis gaz'd upon !
Stars, worlds, or wonders !—whatsoe'er ye shine,
The home of angels, or the haunts divine,
Wherein the bodiless, from earth set free,
Shine in the blaze of present Deity !—
No eyes behold your ever-beaming ray,
Nor think how earthly visions roll away,
While ye in one eternal calmness glow
Above the chaos of terrestrial woe !—

Thy wings, ALMIGHTY! may they still o'ershade
A Land by Thee a matchless empire made ;
While rocking cities into ruin fall,
And Death in thunder rolls his voice o'er all *!
Here in calm glory may Thine altars stand,
While smiles from heav'n fall brightly o'er the land !
And those pure worlds, that have for ages roll'd
O'er these grand temples, still their gloom behold ;
Till time be dead, eternity begun,
And darkness blacken round the dying sun ;
The toils of fate, the pangs of being o'er,
Our doom completed, and the world no more !

* An allusion to the fall of Antwerp.

NOTES.

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NOTES TO PART I.

NOTE a, page 26.

“ Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light; and then think if something be not due to yours,” &c.

Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.

Such is the amusive pertness with which West, Gray's friend, alludes to this university. In another letter, he talks about “ half a dozen new little procterlings.”—This rebellious description of his *Alma Mater*, is more than matched by the sarcasm of Gray, in speaking of Cambridge. “ Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, ‘ the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses, &c. &c.’ You must know that I do not take degrees, and after this term shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last.—Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot be in too much light; I am no eagle.—It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly.”—LETTERS.

“To Oxford,” says Gibbon, “I brought a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy might have been ashamed.”

Lord King, in his *LIFE OF LOCKE*, remarks; “That Locke regretted his education at Oxford, is stated upon the authority of his friend Le Clerc.” He adds, however, “Perhaps too much stress has been laid upon some accidental expressions; or rather that the regrets expressed by Locke ought to have been understood by Le Clerc, to apply to the plan of education then generally pursued at English universities; *for to Oxford, even as Oxford was in the days of Locke, he must have been considerably indebted.* If the system of education did not offer assistance, or afford those directions so useful to a young student, the residence of Oxford did no doubt confer ease, leisure, and the opportunity of other studies; it afforded also the means of intercourse with persons from whose society and conversation we know that the idea of his great work arose.”

“Too much stress” has indeed been laid upon ebullitions of peevishness against the system pursued at our universities, which occur in the works and correspondence of a few celebrated men. With regard to Gray’s opinion, it has been justly remarked, “At the time when he was admitted, Jacobitism and hard drinking prevailed still at Cambridge, much to the prejudice not only of good manners, but of good letters. But we see (as was natural enough to a young man) he laid the blame rather on the mode of education, than the mode of the times.” In allusion to Gibbon’s taunts, a biographer observes; “By his course of desultory reading, he seems unconsciously to have been led to that particular branch in which he was afterwards to excel. But whatsoever connexion this had with his more distant life, he was exceedingly deficient in classical learning, and went to Oxford without either the taste or preparation which could enable him to reap the advantages of academical education. This may possibly account for the harshness with which he speaks of the universities. His fourteen months at Magdalen were idle and profitless; and he describes himself as ‘gay, and disposed to

late hours.' When he sat down to write his memoirs—the memoirs of an eminent and accomplished scholar,—he found a blank which is seldom found in the biography of English scholars; the early display of genius, the laudable emulation, and the well-earned honours; *he found that he owed no fame to his academical residence, and therefore determined that no fame should be desirable from an university EDUCATION.*”—*Ex uno disce omnes.*

NOTES ^b c, &c. page 28.

Circ. A. M. 2855, and 1180, before Christ, Gerion and twelve more learned Greeks accompanied the conqueror Brutus into this isle; others, soon after, delighted with a relation of the country, came and seated themselves with them, at a place, the most agreeable and convenient at that time for study, called in their native or mother tongue *Greeklade*,—a word made upon the occasion; *vocabulo e re nato.*

Others were seated at a place equally eligible for its wholesomeness and conveniency, near the other, hence called *Latinlade*. This was destined for a Latin school. These two languages comprehended the learning of the greatest parts of the then known world. At these they continued till a more fit or larger place was assigned them, for collecting their scattered and increasing parties, in order for a more general seminary or *study*. By favour of the Founder, these philosophers were pitched upon to contrive and order the situation of the city. No sooner was the new seat erected, or made fit for their reception, than they repaired to it, as to a well laid out garden, calling it their *Belle-Situm*, or sweet situation. This may be called their first general study.

In these early times the university was a little way, that is about a quarter of a mile distant from the city, the contrivers of it taking a pattern from their own country; for the *Gymnasia* among the Greeks were separate from the city, on account that they should not bury in cities; it being prohibited by Solon's laws. And again by the Romans, at the promulgation of the twelve tables. They that affected learning among the Britons, affected privacy, delighted much in groves, which the *Belle-*

Situm at that time particularly abounded with. Hither they transferred their *studia* or schools, instituting and intitling these their *Academia* or university.—*From a rare pamphlet on the Ancient History of Oxford; published in 1772.*

NOTE d, page 28.

But who will say that Cæsar was not here himself, and visited and saw the *Study* or *School*? Cæsar passed over the *Tamise* about Wallingford, ten miles from Oxford; and he fought after, about Cirencester—his route thus leading through or near Oxford. Nor were these acts of a private nature, but as *now* in our Universities of a public and general institution. And so great was their fame in *learning* and *discipline*, that foreigners, especially numbers of youth from Gaul, to be masters or adepts in these sciences, travelled hither, as to the most learned seminary, for education.—(*Old Pamphlet.*)

NOTE e, p. 29.

“Bale in his account of Kentigern, 560. A. C. himself a member of this university, describes him as thus habited: ‘Melote ex caprinis pelibus et cuculla stricta candidaque contextus stola.’ Wolfe writes—‘in vestitu veteres usi fuerunt cuculla, tunica et scapulare.’ The tunic reaching to the knees, or a little lower, was plaited on the shoulders, not unlike the Taberdor’s gown, the proper vestment of scholars, called *Vestis propria clericorum*. But the principal, or to be particularized from the rest, was the TOGA GRÆCANICA, (a Græcis τυβερρος, a τεργω, to cover,) said to be derived from the Pelasgians, and most ancient Grecians of the university. This was part of our old dress, and made originally with loose sleeves, not unlike that in after-ages used by the Benedictine order. The *Pileus* (a πιλος), or cap, was no strange thing to our Grecian or British students. In the earliest times the square cap was in fashion; but long after the doctors wore the round. And they wore *hoods*, the most ancient whereof hung behind on the back, sewed or tied to the gown, and, on occasion being raised, covered their head, much as a capuchin, whence called *cappa*, and the wearers cappers. The epomis

(*επωμις*) was antiently lined with the skins of beasts; or as now, with lambskins hanging round the neck, and falling upon, and covering the greatest part of the back; called by Erasmus, *capitum magisterii*. And the *short boot* which the masters wore at taking of degrees, spoke of in the antientest records, as derived from the Greeks, was a custom which prevailed here till the institution of Doctorate of Theology and Civil Law. Which happening, the masters chose for themselves, in their stead, *slippers*: these they used in their time of inception during the Act season, till an order of convocation exempted them from it.”—(*Do.*)

NOTE f, p. 31.

“The work of the schools being wholly finished, stored with scholars, and furnished with professors in all sciences and faculties, the king himself, (whose memory, says Hyde, shall be as sweet as honey in every man’s mouth,) attended with his nobles in great solemnity, graced the first lectures with his own presence, nor ever ceased till he saw his work brought unto full perfection.”—(*Do.*)

NOTE g, page 32.

“King Edward departing in 1066, was succeeded by William the Conqueror. Besides the houses taken or despoiled by him, were many hotels or halls for scholars, whereof Robert Doyly had forty-two. But, not willing to carry things too far against an university, in order to secure the better the throne to him and his posterity, he thought of milder terms, and sent his third and youngest son, Henry, to study here, which gave great reputation to the place, and it became soon filled with scholars.”—(*Do.*)

LINE 13, page 35.

New College. At the Reformation, it was despoiled and disrobed. In 1789, the Society ordered a complete repair. The chapel was newly roofed, the seats decorated with canopies, and the organ-loft raised over the entrance in a style to correspond with the altar.

NOTE h, page 37.

A well written description of this magnificent scene was published immediately after the Royal Visit, to which the following extract is indebted. A laughable bit of puppyism, resembling the periodical bow-wow sometimes heard in our day, occurs however in the critique appended to it, on the prize poems recited in the theatre on this occasion: "We turn with peculiar pleasure to Mr. Hughes's composition. Without the affectation of originality, Mr. H. appears to have scorned imitation, and *wisely to have risen above the jargon of Scott and Byron!*"

NOTE i, p. 38.

"About ten o'clock the great doors of the theatre opened, Dr. Crotch at the organ, accompanied by the whole band, played the march in the occasional overture. No other sound was heard but the soft strains of the music, as the bedels entered the theatre. At length our gracious Prince, preceded by the Chancellor, appeared uncovered upon the threshold, and in an instant the thunders of applause pealed on every side. Next to his Royal Highness came the Emperor, and then the King of Prussia, in their robes, as doctors of law. Then followed the Duchess of Oldenburg, accompanied by the Duke of York. The Russian and foreign princes, and noblemen, and all the honorary members of the university who were present; the heads of houses, doctors, and the two proctors, formed the rest of this beautiful and unique procession. The applause had continued long after the whole had reached their places, and the assembly of three thousand persons continued standing till it had been intimated by the Prince, and stated by the Chancellor, that his Royal Highness wished every one to be seated. It is impossible to describe the combined effect of the scene. Above the rest of the university, to the left of the Prince, sat the Chancellor, in his robes of black and gold, and his long band of most exquisite lace. Even with the Chancellor on the right, sat the Duchess of Oldenburg, in a simple dress of white satin, and no ornament upon her head. And still higher, the three sovereigns were seated on superb chairs of crimson velvet and gold, and their feet resting upon foot-stools of the same. The chair of

the Prince Regent was surmounted by a plume of feathers in gold, and the whole platform on which these five seats were placed, was covered with crimson velvet. Immediately behind the royal chairs were seated a double row of ladies, who constituted the party of Lady Grenville, being composed of all the ladies of rank, who were present on the occasion. The rest of this gallery which extends all round the theatre, was then completely filled with ladies, and above all in the highest gallery, supported by pillars, were the junior members of the university. Immediately below the Prince were seated in a crescent semicircle, the whole of the persons who formed the procession, in their different robes; and the area was filled with the senior members of the university, with officers of the army and navy, and a small number of select strangers. The sight was altogether new. Others have seen these royal strangers, as august personages, visiting almost in private, a foreign, but friendly country—the University of Oxford has seen them seated on their thrones, in all the pomp, and all the condescension of majesty.”

NOTE k, page 44.

Addison was entered at Queen's, 1687.—In 1689, his Latin verses, *Inauguratio Regis Gulielmi*, procured him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, by whose recommendations he was elected a demy at Magdalen. While a student here, he wrote parts of “Cato,” and forwarded them to Dryden, who admired them as poetry, but doubted their dramatical success.

NOTE l, page 44.

Steele was removed in 1692 from the Charter-house to Merton. In 1695, his first production, a poem on Queen Mary, appeared. The Tatler was commenced on April 12, 1709. Addison discovered its author by the insertion of a criticism on a passage in Virgil, which he had formerly communicated to him. The passage alluded to in the text is quoted by the elegant essayist, Dr. Drake, as a beautiful example of his pathetic powers.—“The first sense of sorrow I ever knew,” says he, “was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age;

but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa!' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smother'd me in her embrace; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' "

LINE 4, p. 47.

In 1740, Collins stood first in the list of Winchester scholars, to be received in succession at New College; but there being no vacancy, he became a commoner of Queen's; from whence in half a year he was elected a demy of Magdalen. His early life appears to have been one continued scene of melancholy, want, and obscurity; and, contrasting his present fame with his once unnoticed merit, we may well recall an observation made by Goldsmith, in his *Life of Parnell*; "A poet while living is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour!"

The most touching anecdote in his life is thus related by Johnson: "He had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen: 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'"

NOTE m, p. 48.

Johnson's rooms, with some slight alteration in their division, and the

substitution of a Gothic window for the plainer one of his own time, remain as he left them. On entering them, who does not remember his own grand sentence? "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible! Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

There is nothing romantic in their appearance, distinct from other collegiate chambers; but the sombre hue which pervades them is not uncongenial with the associations which arise when we enter their hallowed precincts. Here, as the pensive shades of twilight closed around him, and the loneliness of his fate darkened on his mind, we can easily imagine him retired from the scene his gay hypocrisy had enlivened, to nurse those moods of feeling which afterwards revealed themselves in the melancholy wisdom of "Rasselas," and the moral gloom of the "Rambler."

Johnson was entered a commoner of Pembroke on the 31st of Oct. 1728, in his 19th year. The following are the principal anecdotal allusions to his collegiate life, as recorded by his worshipper and biographer.

"The Rev. Dr. Adams, who afterwards presided over Pembroke college, gave me some account of what passed on the night of Johnson's arrival at Oxford. His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar, and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in, and quoted Macrobius." Johnson gave the following account of his tutor, Mr. Jorden,—“He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his

instructions. Indeed I did not attend him much. The first day I came to college I waited on him, and then stayed away four. On the sixth Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow." And this I said with as much *nonchalance*, as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor.—“That, sir, was great fortitude of mind.” “No, sir, stark insensibility.”

“What he read *solidly* at Oxford was Greek; not the Grecian historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram. One day while sitting in his apartment quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the college, overheard him uttering this soliloquy in his strong emphatic voice: “Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning; I’ll go and visit the universities abroad; I’ll go to France and Italy; I’ll go to Padua,—and I’ll mind my own business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads.”

NOTE n, p. 51.

Dr. Adams told me, that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke college, was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicsome fellow, and passed there the happiest time of his life. When I mentioned this account of Dr. Adams, he said, “Ah, sir, I was mad and violent; it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic; I was miserably poor, and thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority.”—The bishop of Dromore observes to me in a letter,—“I have heard from some of his contemporaries, that he was generally seen lounging at the college gate with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled.”

“He contracted a love and regard for Pembroke, which he retained to the last. A short time before his death, he sent to that college a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library. He took a pleasure in

boasting of the many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke.

NOTE o, p. 54.

Mr. Tyers, who knew Johnson intimately, observed, "that he always talked as if he were talking upon oath."

NOTE p, p. 55.

A solitary cup of *milkless* tea was one of his domestic penances !

NOTE q, p. 57.

William D'Avenant made his first entry on the stage of this vain world in the parish of St. Martin in the month of February, and on the third of the following March, an. 1605-6, he received baptism in the church of that parish. His father, John D'Avenant, was a sufficient vintner, a very grave and discreet citizen, yet an admirer and lover of plays and play-makers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journeys between Warwickshire and London. William, "the sweet Swan of Isis," was educated in grammar learning under Edward Sylvester, and in academical in Lincoln College, under the care of Mr. Daniel Hough, and obtained there some smattering in logic. But his geny, which was opposite to it, led him into the pleasant paths of poetry.—(*Athenæ.*)

NOTE r, p. 57.

This wonderful man in the course of his itineracy is supposed to have travelled nearly 300,000 miles, and to have preached above 40,000 sermons ! Well, indeed, as Southey remarks, would it be for the world, if every man of equal celebrity had left a diary such as Wesley's ! From

the Charter-house in 1720 he was removed to Christ Church, and from thence in 1726 he was elected fellow of Lincoln. "Though Wesley was not yet eccentric in the habits of his life, the strictness of his religious principles was sufficiently remarkable to afford subject for satire; and his opponents hoped to prevent his success by making him ridiculous. On this occasion his father told him it was a shallow virtue that could not bear being laughed at. His mother encouraged him in a different manner. "If," said she, "it be a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery." On his election, which was greatly indebted to the good-will of Dr. Morley, then rector, his father thus congratulates him:—"What will be my own fate before the summer is over, God knows! *sed passi graviora*.—Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

"While he was an undergraduate, his manners were free and easy; and that activity of disposition, which bore him afterwards through such uninterrupted labour, displayed itself in wit and vivacity."

The rise of methodism is thus traced by his able biographer: "His disposition, his early education, the example of his parents, and of both his brethren, were in unison: not knowing how or when he woke out of his lethargy, he imputed the change to the efficacy of another's prayers, most likely he said, his mother's; and meeting with two or three undergraduates whose principles resembled his own, they associated together for the purpose of religious improvement, lived by rule, and received the sacrament. The greatest prudence would not have sufficed to save men from ridicule, who at such an age, and in such a scene, professed to make religion the great business of their lives: and prudence is rarely united with enthusiasm. They were called in derision, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy, or the Godly Club. One person with less irreverence and more learning observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of methodists was sprung up, alluding to the ancient School of Physicians known by that name.

NOTE s, p. 53.

James Hervey, author of "Meditations among the Tombs," written while he held the curacy of Bedford in Devonshire. He was one of Wesley's earliest religious associates at Oxford.

NOTE t, p. 59.

Anthony Wood gives a glowing account of Sidney in his *Athenæ*: "The poets of his own time, especially Spencer, revered him not only as a patron, but a master. He was a man of a sweet nature, of excellent behaviour, of much, and withal of well digested learning; so that rarely wit, courage, breeding, and other additional accomplishments of conversation have met in so high a degree in any single person. It is to be wished that his life might be written by some judicious hand*.

While he was very young he was sent to Christ Church to be improved in all sorts of learning. In the year 1579 he, though neither magistrate or counsellor, opposed the queen's matching with the duke of Anjou. On the 8th of January, 1582, he received the honour of knighthood from the queen, and in 1585 he designed an expedition with sir Francis Drake into America; but, being hindered by the queen, he was in October following made governor of Flushing, and general of the horse. In both which places of great trust his carriage testified to the world his wisdom and valour, with addition of honour to his country by them; and especially the more, when in July, 1586, he surprised Axil, and preserved the lives and honour of the English army at the enterprise of Gravelin. What can be said more? He was a statesman, soldier, and scholar; a complete master of matter and language, as his immortal pen shews. His pen and his sword have rendered him famous enough. He died by the one, and by the other he'll ever live. Certain

* Mr. Grey of Magdalen, a short time since, published a splendid edition of Sidney's works, with Memoirs, &c. &c.

it is, that he was a noble and matchless gentleman ; and it may be justly said without hyperbole or fiction, as it was of Cato Uticensis, that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about.

NOTE u, p. 59.

Benjamin Jonson, a poet as soon as he was born, afterwards the father of our poetry, and most admirably well versed in classical authors, and therefore beloved of Camden, Selden, Hoskins, Martin, &c. made his first entry on the stage of this vain world within the city of Westminster, (being the son of a grave minister) educated in the college school there, while Camden was master ; thence his silly mother, who had married to her second husband, a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as 'tis said, work at her husband's trade. At length, being pitied by some generous gentleman, Camden got him a better employment, which was to accompany a son of sir Walter Raleigh's in his adventures. After their return they parted, not, I think, in cold blood ; and thereupon Ben went to Cambridge and was statutely elected into St. John's college ; but what continuance he made there I find not ; sure it is, that his geny being most poetical, he did afterwards recede to a nursery, or obscure playhouse, called the Green Curtain. Dr. Rich Corbet of Christ Church, and other poets of the university, did in reverence to his parts, invite him to Oxon, where continuing for some time in Christ Church, writing and composing plays, he was, as a member thereof, actually created master of arts in 1619, and therefore I put him among the Oxford writers. At length, B. Johnson, after he had arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, marched off from the stage of this vain world on the 16th of August 1637. (*Athenæ.*)

NOTE x, p. 59.

Locke was sent to Christ Church in 1651, and was speedily distinguished among his fellow collegians. He resided partly in Exeter house, and partly at Oxford.

NOTE y, p. 60.

In 1670, his great work, the *Essay on the Understanding*, was sketched out. It arose from the meeting, as the author says, of five or six friends at his chambers.—(LORD KING'S *Life of Locke*.)

We may add to this, that in 1694 Mr. Wynne, fellow of Jesus, first recommended his *Essay* to the study of the university.

NOTE z, p. 63.

From Eton Canning was removed to Christ Church, where he gained several prizes. From Oxford he went to the Temple, and studied the Law; but being patronized by Sheridan, he was brought forward into political life, and returned member of parliament for Newtown in the Isle of Wight. Canning made his first speech, equally distinguished for its modesty and eloquence, on the treaty between his Majesty and the king of Sardinia on the 31st of January, 1794.

As a statesman and a patriot, the world can do justice to Canning's fame; as the fascinating companion in private life, the memory of those who were honoured with his regard, can alone enjoy him. They may truly apply to themselves, with a slight alteration, the words of a great historian in the death of his revered friend*, "Finis vitæ ejus nobis lucuosus, Patriæ tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine curâ fuit."

D'Alembert, in his *Eloge de Montesquieu*, has the following passage, which appears so happily fraught with the social traits of Canning's character, that they may be quoted here without intrusion.

"Il étoit, dans le commerce, d'une douceur et d'une gaieté.—Sa conversation étoit légère, agréable, et instructive, par le grand nombre d'hommes et de peuples qu'il avoit connus: elle étoit coupée, comme son style, pleine de sel et de saillies, sans amertume... Le feu de son esprit, le

* Tacit. in *Agricol.* c. 43.

grand nombre d'idées dont il étoit plein, les faisoient naître. Il étoit sensible à la gloire ; mais il ne vouloit y parvenir qu'en la méritant. Jamais il n'a cherché à augmenter la sienne par ces manœuvres sourdes, par ces voies obscures et honteuses, qui déshonorent la personne, sans ajouter au nom."

NOTE a, p. 65.

Denham became gentleman commoner at Trinity in Michaelmas term, 1631, in the sixteenth year of his age. Anthony Wood, in the delightful quaintness of his usual style, observes,—“ Being looked upon as a slow and dreaming young man by his seniors and contemporaries, they could never then in the least imagine that he could ever enrich the world with his fancy, or issue of his brain, as he afterwards did....“ *Cooper's Hill:*” a Poem, Oxon, 1643. in one sheet and an half in quarto. A poem it is, which for the majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing. It was translated into Latin verse by Moses Pengrey, as I shall elsewhere tell you.”

Of Denham's person, Aubrey gives the following account: “ Denham was of the tallest, but a little incurvetting at the shoulders, not very robust. His haire was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curl. His gate was slow, and was rather a stalking, (he had long legges,) which was wont to put me in mind of Horace, de Art. Poet.

Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps
In puteum foveamque ;

His eie was a kind of light goose-gray, not big, but it had a kind of strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Momus) when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts.”

NOTE b, p. 65.

William Pitt was born November 15, 1708, and educated at Eton ; whence, in January 1726, he went as a gentleman commoner to Trinity

college. When he quitted the university, Pitt was for a time in the army, and served as a cornet ; but he quitted the life of a soldier for that of a statesman, and became member for the borough of Old Sarum, in February, 1735.—(*Alex. Chalmers.*)

NOTE c, p. 65.

Thomas Warton became a scholar of Trinity in 1743, where in 1750 he took his master's degree, and the next year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1785 he was chosen Camden Professor of History. His *Triumph of Isis*, written as a reply to Mason's *Isis*, contains a spirited invocation to his beloved Alma Mater :

“ Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learned, as Lacedæmon free !”

NOTE d. p. 66.

No living writer must have a memory more delightfully stored with recollections of the past, than Lisle Bowles. From youth to old age, associating with the learned, the good, and the great of his country, devoted to literature, poetry, and criticism, and finally reposing in the calm seclusion of pastoral life,—to few is it permitted to say with greater truth, “ *Innocuas amo delicias, doctamque quietem.*” This quotation may be appropriately followed by his own beautiful sentence, in the *Life of Ken*, which he has lately published.—The contrast between the domestic quiet of Isaak Walton's home, and the puritanic broils of the day, he compares to “ passing through the tumult and din of the crowd at Hyde Park corner to Holland house, the seat of poetry and kindred taste, where, opening the garden door, in contrast to the noise through which you have passed, you hear only with intense delight the ancient pines murmuring in the still repose of a summer evening, and the nightingales contending in their solitary harmony.”

NOTE e, p. 67.

It must be no slight gratification to Lisle Bowles that Coleridge (see his *Biog. Lit.*) has recorded the inspiration his youthful mind caught from the perusal of some early sonnets by the reverend poet. The pure, the gentle, and the pathetic, abound in his poetry; and to no ear is "the dream of a village chime" more harmonious than his own. In his history of Bremhill, he gives an interesting account of church bells. "Bells, it has been said, were a late introduction into the Christian church; but respecting the common idea of their being introduced by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, (from whence the words Noll and Campana,) it is not entitled, I imagine, to much credit; nor can it be admitted that their introduction was of a very late period, when baptizing them was so frequent in the eighth century, that Charlemagne, by a public ordinance forbid—"ne cloeos baptisent." In Alet's ritual, the various mysterious applications to which they gave rise are minutely recorded. Their early introduction may be inferred from one circumstance. Epiphanius, describing the Gnostic heresy, speaks expressly of the powers and princes of the air. Now, in the Roman church, one mystical use of bells was to keep "these demoniacal powers of the air at a distance!" The ceremony of papal benediction is very curious. Holy water, salt, oil, incense, cotton, myrrh, and a crumb of bread, are prepared; a procession is then made from the vestry, and the priest, instructing the people in the holiness of the art he is going to perform, sings a *Miserere*, blessing the holy water, &c. &c. After many ceremonies the bell-baptism is performed, by the finger dipt in oil, and the sign of the cross being made on its middle: it is then perfumed with incense, and another prayer to the Holy Spirit is read."

NOTE f, p. 73.

Combe Longa is in the patronage of Lincoln college. The curacy is held by the Rev. Charles Rose, B. D. Fellow and tutor of Lincoln, whose delightful cottage residence adjoins the church.

NOTE g, p. 74.

John Evelyn became gentleman commoner of Balliol college in January 1637. By his interest, lord Howard's ancient Marbles, the Arundeliana Marmora, were, in 1667, presented to Oxford, for which he received the "solemn thanks" of the university, and (1669) the degree of D. C. L. The famous old annalist thus sums up his character. "This Mr. Evelyn is an ingenious and polite person, and, most of all, affects a private and studious life; and was the first of those gentlemen who earliest met for the promotion and establishment of the ROYAL SOCIETY."

NOTE h, p. 75.

The following is the narrative of Foxe, in the third volume of his Ecclesiastical History, respecting

"The behaviour of Dr. Ridley (bishop of London) and Master Latimer (bishop of Worcester) at the time of their death, which was the 16th of October, 1555.

"Upon the north side of the town (of Oxford) in the ditch overagainst Balliol College, the place of execution was appointed; and for fear of any tumult that might arise to hinder the burning of them, the Lord Williams (of Thame) was commanded by the queen's letters, and the householders of the city to be there assisting, sufficiently provided with guards; and when every thing was in readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and bailiffs.

"Master Ridley had a fair black gown, furred, and faced with foins (fur of the ferret,) such as he was wont to wear, being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the mayor and an alderman, &c.

"After him came Master Latimer, in a poor Bristol frieze (coarse

woollen) frock, all worn ; with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready for the fire ; a new long shrowd hanging over his hose, down to the feet ; which at first stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, (to repent of seeing them so, to be much concerned for them, or to pity them,) beholding on the one side the honour they sometime had ; on the other, the calamity whereinto they were fallen.

“ Master Dr. Ridley, as he passed (from the mayor's house where he had lodged) toward Bocardo, (a gateway of the city and a prison, over the street opposite to where now stands the *Three Goat's Inn*,) looked up where Master Cranmer (archbishop of Canterbury) did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window, and to have spoken unto him. But then Master Cranmer was busy with friar Soto, and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Then master Ridley looking back, espied master Latimer coming after ; unto whom he said, ‘ Oh, be ye there ? ’ ‘ Yea, ’ said master Latimer, ‘ have after as fast as I can follow. ’ So he, following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other ; where first Dr. Ridley entering the place, marvellously earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven ; then shortly after, espying master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look, he ran to him, embraced and kissed him, and as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, ‘ Be of good heart, brother ; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it. ’

“ Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's and master Latimer's middles ; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shook the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said, ‘ Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its coursè. ’ Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, ‘ Gunpowder. ’ Then, said he, ‘ I will take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any, ’ said he, ‘ for my brother ? ’ meaning master Latimer. ‘ Yea, sir, that I have, quoth

his brother ; ‘ Then give it unto him (said he) betime, lest ye come too late.’ So his brother went and carried of the same gunpowder unto master Latimer.”

“ Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley’s feet. To whom master Latimer spake in this manner : ‘ Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle by God’s grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.’

“ And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, ‘ In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum : Domine, recipe spiritum meum :’ and after repeating this latter part often in English, ‘ Lord, Lord, receive my spirit.’ Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side : ‘ Oh, Father of heaven, receive my soul :’ who received the flame, as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and, as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, as it appeareth, with very little pain, or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, master Latimer ; for whose laborious travels, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

“ But master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the goss (furze), and over high built, the fire burned first underneath, being kept down by the wood. Which when he felt, he desired them for Christ’s sake to let the fire come unto him, which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pains, (for the which cause he gave attendance,) as one in such sorrow, not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts before it once touched the upper ; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, ‘ I cannot burn ;’ which indeed appeared well : for after his legs

were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain, (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God,) he shewed that side towards us, clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God, still having in his mouth, 'Lord, have mercy upon me:' intermingling his cry, 'Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.' In which pains he laboured, till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more; but burned on the other side, falling down at master Latimer's feet.

NOTE i, p. 75.

In 1792, Southey became a student at Balliol: his political enthusiasm at this period has never been forgotten by his opponents. Yet, how happy may that man be deemed, whose retrospections discover no greater crime than a change of political principle! "The faults of great men are the consolation of dunces,"—a sentiment too often verified by Southey's foes. The late WILLIAM HAZLITT has attempted a mental portrait of this distinguished writer, in his *Spirits of the Age*; and a more curious specimen of bigotry, admiration, dislike, truth, and falsehood, as employed by one man in analyzing the merits of another, was never perhaps exhibited, than in his critical developement of Southey's character.

Since the above remarks were written, Hazlitt is no more: "we could well have spared a better man." The obscure way in which he was carried to his last home, was a melancholy comment on an unhappy life. There are those who think Voltaire's sarcasm on Dante not inapplicable to Hazlitt, "his reputation will now be growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him," and others who estimate him in a nobler way, and think that, as Napoleon with his code in his hand, so Hazlitt with his life of that magnificent despot, will go down to posterity! Whatever may be said of his biography, none will deny the freshness, originality, and delightfulness, which often pervade his

essays. With much wordy paradox, enormous conceit, and ineradicable bigotry, they reveal an intense love of the beautiful in the outward world, with an acute sympathy for all the mental workings of mind within. Party and politics were his ruin; they tainted the pureness of his thoughts, distorted his views, and made him believe himself a philanthropist, when most he became a bigot. To the oblique influence of politics, the constitutional infirmity of a bad temper must be added, and from these we may explain the unhealthy atmosphere in which his mind appears to have lived and breathed. To define Hazlitt's rank in cotemporary literature is almost impossible; "Two voices are there;" the one, denying him all that learning can respect, or virtue admire; the other, a clamorous appeal for undying fame. Time, the "beautifier of the dead," will be Hazlitt's best historian. If he has been the mere effervescence of a frothy age, he will be forgotten: if, on the contrary, he has strengthened the cause he affected to adore, there will be after-memories to brighten round his fame, while

—springs

From the Castellan fountain of the heart,

The poetry of life, and all that art

Divine of words, quickening insensate things. (*Wordsworth.*)

NOTE k, p. 88.

The early poets are allowed to be the most original: but whilst we admire the freshness with which their poetry is imbued, we must remember that the refinements of life have multiplied since their day, and consequently, that what was then a single feeling, is now divided into a thousand shadowy modifications, too delicate for the sympathies of olden time to create. May we not therefore, in some measure, console ourselves for absence of originality, by the fascinations which refined sentiment has produced? It is to these that modern times are indebted for a galaxy of female writers,—stars that never shone upon the ancient world. The social ascendancy of Woman has advanced with the progress of Christianity; and truly, when we compare the spirit of modern, with ancient gallantry, we need not blush for the comparison. To the grossness of mere animal

passion, has succeeded an etheriality of sentiment, which, however perverted by sophism, or degraded by affectation, has, on the whole, exercised a purifying influence over modern life.

An ethical writer remarks, "The respect he feels for the virtues of woman may thus be considered almost as a test of the virtues of man." Judged by such a test, it is to be feared that both ancient and modern poets do not always appear to bright advantage. Amid a profusion of stately compliments, and poetical gallantries, they have from time to time been most uncourteously inspired. Two lords of Grecian tragedy, Æschylus and Euripides, have profaned their dramas by some ugly passages which might well have been omitted. Mrs. Æschylus was evidently a virago, and the unmusical echoes of her voice must have murmured in her husband's ears, when he composed some lines in the "Agamemnon," and the "Septem:" both the Mistresses Euripides were awfully addicted to flirtation, and hence the exaggerated vileness of female character, in the "Medea" and "Hippolytus."

There are thousands who admire Horace's poetical style of love, and echo his bacchanalian sentiments on women. Others rejoice to feel themselves not amongst them. Horace, though a splendid lyrist, was a great sensualist, and, unlike Anacreon, has not always been very tasteful in his erotic allusions. A woman and a mistress are synonymous meanings in his poems; and whenever the "molle calenum" affected his head, the "dulcium Mater sæva cupidinum," (lib. IV. Ode 1.) invariably polluted his heart.

No man of humane disposition would willingly annihilate the Sabine bard! but the truth must not be concealed,—he has fulminated many offensive remarks against old ladies, which have not been duly considered by those commentators who have indulged their tediousness in illustrating his style and meaning. That the ancient matrons of Rome were not so attractive as the mild old ladies in unassuming caps of the present day, it is easy to imagine. But there are some elementary principles, from which we may form a judgment of a man's character in all ages, and

under all circumstances ; it is to be regretted, therefore, that Horace has not evinced a proper respect for the venerable glory of a grey head. A wrinkle is anathematized as if it were an infamous defect, and a dim eye pronounced an odious mockery of nature. “ May you live to be an old woman !” appears to have been his poetical curse towards offending damsels ; and truly, if it were always fulfilled after his fashion, they must have become as luxuriantly ugly as his fertile fancy could have desired.

If we might venture to account for this unamiable obliquity in Horace’s poetical creed, we should, in some manner, refer it to the voluptuous example of his patron Mecænas. From the first time we read this person’s name, to the present hour, a suspicion has haunted us, that he is indebted for his intellectual fame rather to the inflated adulation of poets, than to the substantial truth of real character. Seneca has satirized his effeminacies ; and if our memory do not fail us, Gibbon has ventured some observations which tend to demolish his mountain of greatness. In all probability, he was the Bufo of his day, who gave good dinners, and therefore commanded the attendance of good poets to eat them.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff’d by every quill :
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.

We pass by the puny sarcasms against women, sprinkled over the pages of Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and others, to arrive at that “ultima Thule” of ferocious invective,—the sixth satire of Juvenal. To us it appears neither more nor less than an obscene libel on human nature, utterly unworthy the high spirit which produced the third, tenth, and thirteenth satires, in the latter of which, the terrors of conscience are so sublimely depicted. That we may not be deemed arrogant in this opinion, we beg permission to quote the words of one who lived at a period of no outrageous delicacy. “ This satire (sixth) is a bitter invective against the fair sex. ’Tis indeed a common place, from

whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they offended him I know not : but upon the whole matter, he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of creation : *neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it.* To bid us beware of their artifices is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men : which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet, who thereby makes a compliment where he meant a libel." (*Dryden.*)

Indeed so revolting a picture does this satire exhibit, that neither the world, nor Juvenal's fame, would suffer by its omission. It has all Swift's impurity, without any of his redeeming wit ; and, as a moral corrective, is utterly useless. We might as reasonably expect that health would be preserved by a nauseous exposition of every disease in the national hospital, as hope that moral beauty would be protected by parading the vilest of our depravities before the public view.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia.

(XIV. 47.)

How did Juvenal reconcile this noble sentiment with his own practice?—The sentence may be profitably remembered by the instructors of youth in the present day.

It would be somewhat interesting to select the principal allusions to female character from our English poets, and endeavour to prove, that in most cases they have been tinged by the circumstances of each particular writer, whenever they tend to deterioration. In the present case, however, we can only presume on the reader's patience, by quoting a few. Let us begin with Cowley, termed by Johnson, "the last of the metaphysical race of poets." He has uttered but few direct impertinences against women, but the cold indelicacy of his style, and the amorous absurdity of his sentiments, almost amount to a want of gallantry. One

can fancy mathematical Problems making love to each other, when we read the imaginary colloquies of Cowley and his mistress.—He has compared her to every mystery above the earth, and every curiosity beneath the sun.—Let the reader enjoy the following *morceaux*.—Here is a burning lover dried into Egyptian dust !

The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain
From clouds which in the head appear !—

What a melancholy plight the lady alluded to in the following lines must have been in ;

Her sacrifice is found without an heart,
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too with my breath !

“ Once more upon the waters, yet once more.” Confusion, and fearful ruin, are threatened : we should like to have seen his mistress perusing the passage below :—

Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self same room ;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazin !—

Mr. Galt's sublime description of Lord Byron's genius is in some measure applicable to Cowley ;—“ a mystery, dressed in a winding-sheet, and crowned with a halo !”—

Who has equalled the heaven-like purity of Milton's description ?—whether we approach the primeval loveliness of her, who

—down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,

or the virgin majesty of that “ aidless, innocent lady,” whose voice came floating

—————upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,

At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smil'd !—

Yet there are many ladies in the world who denounce Milton, and allude unhandsomely to his wife, when they read, that Eve was,—

————— all but a rib
Crooked by Nature, bent as now appears
More to the part sinister,—

and that Adam dared to ask

————— why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine ?—

We now arrive at the last of by-gone English poets from whose works we shall select instances of ungallant poetry.—Alexander Pope.—Many bitter ironies against the “fair sex” occur in Pope’s writings; but the principal are contained in his celebrated “Epistle” on “the Characters of Women,”—a title, by the way, in queer opposition to a line in the Poem :

Most women have *no characters* at all.—

In allusion to this piece, Johnson remarks—“The Characters of Men” are written with more, if not with deeper thought. In the women’s part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; *and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men*; what was said of Philomede, was true of Prior.—The sarcastic maxims which have offended the “ornaments of creation,” are these :—viz.

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit.

In men, we various * ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind:
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,—
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still;
 Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man.

We conclude with that pert blasphemy against the purity of woman, which has enjoyed immortality on the lips of coxcombs and seducers :—

Men—some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.—

These opinions are evidently imbued with sickliness and disappointment; and arose, perchance, from a slight on the part of Martha Blount; or from the colloquial tartness of Lady Mary Wortley, who sadly discomfited our poet, at the table of their mutual friend, Lady Oxford.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
 C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

Lord Byron's admirers will, perhaps, admit that the general spirit of his poetry does not tend to elevate the female character. In nearly all his heroines, there is a pervading glow of sentimental wantonness, which, however attractive in the page of poetry, is by no means desirable in the intercourse of human life. His lordship evidently considered woman in no spiritual light: this view, however, was the necessary result of that misanthropic egotism which forms the soul of his poetical system. To him the world revealed no prospect of gradual progression to a better and brighter state of things :—as it had ever been, so it would ever remain,—a blackened wilderness of selfish gloom. There are many who concur with him; for, as Shelley says,

Many heartless things are said and done,
 And many brutes and men live on.

* In his "Essay on Man," he admits but *one* "ruling passion."

Yet are there, from time to time, glimpses of moral beauty and loveliness, and lofty energies, and high-born hopes, and human charities, to be enjoyed by all who live and breathe the heathful air of existence. Croly has concentrated in a few words, more than we have read elsewhere, in illustration of Lord Byron's mind: "His moral system as a poet is founded on the double error, that great crimes imply great qualities; and, that virtue is a slavery. Both maxims palpably untrue; for crime is so much within human means, that the most stupendous crime may be committed by the most abject of human beings; while the man of the wildest license is only so much the more fettered and bowed down." This doctrine was anticipated nearly two thousand years ago, by one who is called a heathen, but whose moral sentiments are often purer than those of the nominal Christian:

Nemo liber est, qui corpori servit.

SENEC. Epist. 92.

Those who think that, to assume a Cain-like attitude, and wrestle with the Deity in words of doubt and defiance, is freedom,—will deny the sentiment. Let us hope, however, that there are many who echo the words which Croly has breathed over the grave of Byron—"that living long enough for fame, he died too soon for his country."

It was our intention to have concluded this long, and, we fear, intrusive note, by a selection of passages relative to the minds and characters of women, from the works of Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson—they whose fame

Must share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so their song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like nature! COLERIDGE.

Who teach us to

recognise

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Whose genius surrounds us with

A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

And whose philosophy illustrates the sublime words of Rousseau : “ Si l’Auteur de la nature est grand dans les grandes choses, il est très-grand dans les petites.”—But we will task the reader’s kindness no further, but conclude with

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears ;
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears!—

NOTE 1, p. 93.

During the last year, some twelve or fifteen periodicals, beginning at the unambitious price of twopence, in graceful ascent to the lofty height of six shillings, have edified the public, and amused themselves, by discharging critical thunder at the head of the unfortunate transgressor alluded to in our text. Now the first thing that must strike a reader in many of these reviews, is the *sincerity* of the writers : for who, when an author is glowingly depicted as “fool,” and “ass,”—“knave,” and “hypocrite,”—“numskull,” and sundry other pretty characters, can doubt a critic’s earnestness ?—A few fastidious people, here and there scattered over the literary globe, may, perchance, think these appellations a little uncourteous ; and others compare the critics to those “grotesque faces in a Gothic church, which grin, and frown, and make such horrible distortions of visage, that you would think them the guardians of the whole building, whereas they are only excrescences that add nothing to its strength, but disfigure it by their deformity ;”—still, sincerity is a rare virtue, and ought to be admitted into the very best society, however rudely appalled.

To the noisy candour of this class of reviewers, succeeds the polite ma-

lignancy of more graceful criticism. By means of this, an author's poetry is anatomised into prose, meaning screwed into nonsense, words distorted into trash, sentiments conjured into bombast, and the usual flippances of "young gentleman," "bardling," "poetaster," &c. &c. are introduced with becoming effect. But as the subject, as well as the style, must be attacked, it is deemed proper to ruin the former, by blazoning forth the poetical impossibilities connected with it; or else, by collecting its various parts into one ludicrous assemblage, after the manner of an auctioneer's catalogue. It cannot however be forgotten, that now and then a word of comfort and a line of eulogy escape the reviewer: but, ashamed of the weakness, he soon returns to a more pleasing task.

There are others connected with this laudable undertaking, acting in the double character of author and critic. Without resorting to any ungenerous surmise, their hostility may thus be explained,—a writer who had pleased the many, could not of course delight "the few." Doubtless, these "few" are difficult personages to define, but as they are so frequently mentioned by their admirers, they must enjoy a respectable existence somewhere or other on the face of the earth. Happy authors! who, undegraded by a vulgar passion for present fame, fix their eyes on a bright futurity; happy posterity! that is destined to receive instruction which living times are unworthy to enjoy. Copies may remain in unsold obscurity on booksellers' shelves, and publishers' accounts prove inconvenient memorials; but *they* have that within that passeth show. A few years hence, when the false idols of the day are dethroned and forgotten, "the few" will swell into the many, and then shall editions do justice to their fame. Thus, under the weight of unpurchased volumes, are they enabled to feel "that a thousand years after their death, the Indian on the banks of the Ganges, and the Laplander on his hills of snow, will read their works, and envy the happy clime that produced such extraordinary genius*."

Amid such distressful circumstances, a writer endowed with true de-

* See Gibbon's Essay on Polite Literature.

licacy, would have faded into an elegant consumption, and died young, in order to be tenderly remembered. Such, however, was not the case: his health was audaciously good, and his pen as active as ever. To explain this tough pertinacity, we must suppose him to have been somewhat acquainted with the history of criticism, and to have found, that from the days when Gray's "Elegy" was pronounced a *respectable piece of mediocrity*†, to the time when lord Byron was advised, "*forthwith to abandon poetry*‡," and betake him to more profitable pursuits, similar afflictions had been constantly endured. Popularity was,—“vulgar fame;” praise,—“absurd flattery;” and religious feeling,—“mere cant” assumed for the occasion. Then, as now, did the great unknown lament the decline of taste, the dearth of genius, and the nothingness of public opinion; while every author imprudent enough to succeed was described as the mere idol of the day, beneath the observation of the discerning “few.”

May we not hope then, that those gentlemen whose pens are prepared to demolish the present unfortunate production, seeing that they have as yet produced nothing new in critical warfare, will devise some other means for effecting an honourable purpose? For truly lamentable would it be, if, after exhausting such noble energies in the defence of true taste and feeling, a headstrong public should decide for itself! Since mere critical blows, however violent and fierce, and constantly repeated, fail in effecting an author's annihilation, can they not contrive to invent a few immoralities, and philippize against the hypocrisy, cant, and deceitfulness of the times? Success appears to smile on this plan: since, whatever may be the character of the critic himself, the morality of the author is indispensable. It is doubtless, on the truth of this sentiment, that several *religious* periodicals have lately acted. Being a little puzzled with the muse, they sneer at her morality, and, according to the creed of *their* gospel, insinuate into the character of others, what piety never admits in their own.

† See the London Magazine of that period.

‡ Vide Edinburgh Review.

Let us conclude this discussion by a survey of the principal charges adduced against a writer, whose volumes have sold. First in the list of offences appears—a portrait without a neck-cloth. Assuredly this is a melancholy affair, inasmuch as it no more resembles the author, than it does the face of Ali Pasha! And vanity, that fault which is only agreeable in ourselves, nothing but vanity, *could* have invented that upturned gaze!—Here was a source of infinite martyrdom. One gentleman, remarkable for Byronic deficiency of cravat, considered the portrait a rivalrous attempt; while every reviewer who boasted an ugly face, thought it a personal satire. It is but fair, however, to add, that any gentleman who has the misfortune to possess a copy of this portrait, by sending it to Mr. Hobday, the artist, may have his money returned, or a neckcloth supplied.

When we add to this circumstance, that the author “gives no dinners,” writes no critiques, corresponds with no magazine, haunts no coteries, and,—owing to the study of astronomy in early youth,—holds his head very high when he walks, together with the weakness of being rather young,—can we wonder that he has been lampooned in periodicals, or slandered in reviews?

NOTE m, p. 94.

A few months since, an order issued from proprietary headquarters, for a certain young writer to be immolated in the next number of the venerable *Blue and Yellow*. In obedience to this command, several articles were prepared, all of which finally yielded to the one that was inserted, as combining a due quantity of venom, with affectionate candour, towards an ill-used public.

Majora canamus;—let us with modest gaze approach the “bright excess” of this surpassing criticism. After a little uncomfortable wriggling, the reviewer works his way into the subject—Puffery. Here it

is painful to add, that two or three pages are pilfered from *The Puffiad*,* without any acknowledgment of the offence. After this, follows a verbal analysis, rather clumsy, and by no means original. The plagiarisms are proved after the following learned manner:—a few lines, selected from various parts of the guilty production, are exhibited, in which the words, “ocean,” “dew,” &c. &c. occur; some lines are also produced from DRYDEN and LORD BYRON, in which similar expressions occur. Now, what is plainer than that the former writer is convicted of plagiarism, since neither the ocean nor the dew was discerned, till LORD BYRON and DRYDEN perceived them one day, and patronised them in their poems? This spirited hunt after plagiarisms extends through several pages, when, with a gracious smile at his own performance, the reviewer receives his pay, and bids us farewell. The hint to plagiarists, it is hoped, may prove serviceable; the advice given by a respectable old lady to her bud of iniquity, in *Paul Clifford*, ought not to be forgotten; “Never steal,—’specially when any body’s nigh!”—Yet, may a question be put to this ingenious gentleman,—If all he pilfered from his predecessors, distilled from old magazines and encyclopædias, gathered from indices, and squeezed from the book itself under review, were combined,—how much of any article that he has composed, may be called his *own*?—His critiques remind us of a circumstance in Armenia;—When a poor man appears with a new coat, he is suspected to have stolen it:—but if it be cleverly patched by contributions from old cloth,—it is supposed to be his own!

The reviewer had evidently seen better days; though accustomed from the blushing dawn of his talents to perform the scrubwork of criticism, still, he had occasionally spoken truth, and slept soundly after praising an author. Here, however, was a task of peculiar dirtiness which threatened to soil even *his* hands, all accustomed as they were to menial offices. He had to grope his way through sixteen pages of print, and better men than he might be forgiven, for not having accomplished this tiresome duty without some awkward grimaces on the road.

* A very unamiable production, concerning which, the papers maintained a most disinterested silence,

The critic's favourite metaphor is "a Turkey carpet:" from this it may be concluded that he is an upholsterer, haunted by the dreams of a shop: not but that an upholsterer may be a very excellent personage, though seldom, perhaps, a good critic: unless indeed, after the manner of Addison's trunk-maker, who, it is recorded, could knock down an ox, or write a comment on the *Ars Poetica*, with equal facility.

The article was a decided failure; there was of course a chuckle of delight among authorlings, and a yelp of applause from criticlings,—beyond this, nothing was effected. The public has a good memory on these occasions; and recollected that the same review, now employed in exposing the puff system, had from its infancy invariably puffed its own *coterie*, from the budding statesman, down to the full-blown versifier. It also appeared rather strange, that no *proofs* were produced to support an accusation; and that those who were notoriously addicted to the paragraphic vice, were suffered to remain, "unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

On a primary view of the matter, this treatment on the part of the public, towards the patronising tenderness of a reviewer, may appear unmerited. But when we remember, that during the last fifteen years, *there is not a solitary instance in which the Edinburgh Review has guided public taste in conferring eminence on a writer*,—the matter is explained. With respect to poetry this is especially true. All who have won reputation, it has endeavoured either to blast in their path to fame, or allowed them to be unmentioned, till years had procured a popularity, which required the aid of no reviewer to sustain it. Besides, there is a little impolicy in a critic's frontless assertion,—that the public is a mighty Ass, easily led by the nose, wherever the popular impulse of an hour may conduct it. For who is it but this same stultified public that supports the very review that contemns it? In this, the critic sees profound judgment and correct taste; in every other respect, the judgment of the many is altogether vain.—Admirable logic! and urbane conclusion! No doubt, some literary bubbles have been puffed into popular favour, and that poetical unworthiness has been occasionally overrated; a few months,

however, have redeemed the truth, and conducted Taste to her legitimate conclusions. He must therefore be a bigot of the very first water, and on tolerable good terms with himself, who condescends to patronise the public, by assuming all judgment and taste, as the inheritance of his own brains; while the many are catalogued as blockheads and dunces, never to be respected,—except when they believe an oracular review!

The reviewer is, we believe, still alive; and from time to time employs himself in making mouths at distinguished men. His style is peculiarly his own.

For Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

His darling topic is, the decline of poetry; which means, that some little abortion of his own not having sold, as a matter of course, true poetry has ceased to exist. On this subject, he is known to crawl along in elegiac prose for several pages, till, suddenly pouncing on some hapless author, he grins himself into critical ecstasy:—

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales:
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Let us, however, conclude this strange, eventful history; and let us likewise imitate the critic's atoning kindness, by expressing our regret, should any of these remarks be "painful to his feelings."—Most heartily do we wish him a nobler office, than that of being the hired assassin of a bigoted review.

NOTE n, p. 99.

See anecdotes of Heber's early life, as recorded by his widow.

NOTE O, p. 99.

“I am much amused with the preparation I see making for furnishing me with household stuff, such as tablecloths, sheets, &c.; it is surely a luxurious age when a boy of seventeen requires so much fuss to fit him out.—*Sat de nugis, ad seria reverto.* My studies go on as usual. Machiavel I rather admire more than at first. My Greek studies will be soon, I fear, *gravelled*, if I continue at home; my brother particularly recommends me to attend to the public lectures on astronomy and mathematics at Oxford, as he says they are at present very clever.”—*Life, by Mrs. Heber*, vol. I. p. 22—23.

NOTE P, p. 100.

“Notwithstanding the miseries of Fellowships on which you descant, I should like very well to have one. I cannot indeed conceive how an excellent society, good rooms, and the finest situation for study in the world, can have that effect in benumbing the faculties which you ascribe to it. There will, no doubt, be many illiberal men in these sort of societies; but I fear those men would have been still less gentlemen than they are at present, had it not been for the advantages of a college society. I was much entertained, my dear friend, with the account you gave of time-passing at Cambridge. ‘The beef of yesterday is succeeded by the mutton of to-day,’ are your words, when you shew me the manner in which the Cantabs pass their time. You, indeed, who are clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously every day at the Fellows’ table, would have more reason to reckon by meals than I should; for the dinners we get here, at least the commoners, (for the gentlemen commoners have a table to themselves, and fare very well,) are *the most beastly things that ever graced the table of a poor-house, or house of correction.* (oh!) I write this letter in a very ill-humour at some circumstances I happen to be engaged in, which are as follows: It is thought expedient that as I principally feel myself deficient in mathematics, I should stay in Oxford during this next vacation, in order to go through a course of lectures

with the mathematical professor. This is certainly very much for a man's interest, but it will be very dull, I fear, as few Brasen Nose men with whom I am acquainted will stay. If you could contrive to take the opportunity of this vacation at once to see Oxford, and make an old school-fellow perfectly happy by your company for a day or two, I need not say how glad I should be. If you conveniently can, pray do come.
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor.

“I have fagged pretty hard since I have been here on a perfectly different plan, however, from my Neadson studies. I was very closely engaged last week with a copy of verses, as you will believe, when I tell you that I had literally no time to shave, insomuch that my beard was as long and hoary as that of the celebrated bearded king. I succeeded tolerably well in my verses, and had to read them in the hall, the most nervous ceremony I ever went through.

“I agree with you on the subject of the fabled academical leisure. We are at Cambridge and Oxford, in the economy of time, perfect Cartesian; we admit of no vacuum. I have been, through my Cheshire connections, and through the long residence of my brother, introduced to a great many people, and this has, of course, produced very numerous parties; but, I assure you, I shall preserve my character for sobriety: no man is obliged to drink more than he pleases, nor have I seen any of that spirit of playing tricks on freshmen, which we are told were usual forty or fifty years ago at the universities.—*Vale; si possis, veni.* You seem not much to like the concerts at Cambridge; I very much approve of ours here, both as it is a rational scholarlike amusement, and as it affords a retreat, if necessary, from the bottle.”—*Life*, vol. I. p. 26—28.

Heber's first university distinction was the prize for Latin verse, gained by his “*Carmen Seculare.*” This was followed in 1803 by “*Palestine,*” to which the following notices interestingly refer.

“I know not whether I told you in my last it is a sort of prize extra-

ordinary for English verses—the subject, *Palestine*. I was not aware till yesterday that the same subject had been some time since given for the Seatonian prize. I think it on the whole a fine one, as it will admit of much fancy, and many sublime ideas. I know not whether it ought to have been made exclusively sacred or not. Many men, whom I have talked with, seem inclined to have made it so; but I have an utter dislike to clothing sacred subjects in verse, unless it be done as nearly as possible in scriptural language, and introduced with great delicacy. I could not, however, refrain from mentioning and rather enlarging on the Messiah and the last triumphs of Judæa. The historical facts of scripture, I of course made great use of, as well as of the crusades, siege of Acre, and other pieces of modern story. My brother, my tutor, and Mr. Walter Scott, the author of the ‘*Border Minstrels*,’ whom I have no doubt you know by name, if not personally, give me strong hopes; and I am, on the other hand, I hope, pretty well prepared for a disappointment, whether the event be favourable or otherwise: I shall know in about two days, and will not fail to communicate my victory or defeat.” *Life*, vol. I. pp. 29, 30.

“In the course of its composition, sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning, together with his brother and one or two friends, previous to their joining a party of pleasure to Blenheim; *Palestine* became the subject of conversation, and the poem was produced and read. Sir Walter, to whom the editor is indebted for the anecdote, said, “You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection.” Reginald retired from the breakfast-table to a corner of the room, and before the party separated, produced the beautiful lines which now form a part of the poem, and which were at a subsequent period, and alas! on a far different occasion, quoted by sir Charles Edward Grey, as illustrative of the manner in which he trusted the church of Asia would arise, and in which the friend he then mourned was so admirably qualified to hasten its growth. On mounting the rostrum to recite his poem, Reginald Heber was struck by seeing two young ladies of Jewish extraction sit-

ting in a conspicuous part of the theatre. The recollection of some lines * which reflect severely on their nation flashed across his mind, and he determined to spare their feelings by softening the passage, which he feared would give them pain, as he proceeded; but it was impossible to communicate this intention to his brother, who was sitting behind him as prompter, and who, in the attempt being made, immediately checked him, so that he was forced to recite the lines as they were originally written."—*Life*, pp. 30, 31.

NOTE 9, p. 100.

An eloquent article on Heber's Hymns in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, from the beautiful diction that pervades it, apparently written by Wilson, contains an affecting allusion to the recitation of *Palestine*.

"None, who heard Reginald Heber recite his *Palestine* in that magnificent theatre, will ever forget his appearance, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause that then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. Reginald Heber's recitation, like that of all poets we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown, or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of solemnity, and even grandeur of the scene of which he was himself the conspicuous

* Oh, lives there one who mocks his artless zeal!
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows.

object, though that feeling did suffuse his pale and ingenuous countenance,—than from the deeply-felt sanctity of his subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelations to man."

A Magazine,

"That grins immensely at its own sagacity,"

some time since informed its readers, that the present writer had "written for the *Newdigate*, and failed." It would be needless to contradict this, and similar atrocious absurdities, were there not an imbecile race in the world of letters always prompt to believe what is absurd, and to quote what is malicious. For their benefit, be it remarked, without the faintest sneer at a poem which Heber consecrated, and Milman has adorned, that the glorious uncertainty of the "*Newdigate*" has not been endured by the present author; nor is it probable that it ever will.

In the course of this volume incidental allusions have been made to contemporary criticism: no candid reader will mistake or misapply them. It would be a censorious foppery for any man, whatever his rank in literature, to express unlimited contempt for an art in which many of the most accomplished and profound scholars of the day are engaged; and laughable bigotry to deny the wit, eloquence, and brilliancy, from time to time exhibited in our modern reviews. But while he allows the excellencies of criticism, he cannot be blind to the theoretic dulness, flimsy sarcasm, and monotonous twaddle which distinguish a great part of it. Of late, a new class of critics has arisen, composed chiefly of bankrupt prosers, and miscellaneous rhymers, whom Pope has christened, "Grub-street poets run to seed*." At present, they are trying an experiment with public taste,—whether "criticism," diseased with prejudice, and bloated with vulgarity, will be popularly relished, and meet with success. Their whole power consists in noise and nonsense, and with these they make a most industrious rattle from week to week, and month to month.

* Bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar. (*Southey.*)

But let no reader consider these remarks as intended to excite indignation against a mournful race of men, who are too often compelled to eat the bread of infamy, and under the name of critics, unite the double character of poltroons and maligners. Rather let him change contempt into the more Christian feeling of pity. For are they not to be pitied, who are born—wretched—and die? He may indeed, on observing the swagger of their style, and the mock heroism exhibited in their “defence of public taste,”—imagine them to be the happiest fellows alive. Yet were he to single one out of the herd for minute observation, how often would he discover him to be a shrivelled unfortunate, gnawed by disappointment, or jaundiced by despair!—one who has indeed been a writer of all work—the Helot of literature. Tragedies that were never acted, poems that were never read, and novels that were never sold, are his to claim. He has murdered for morning papers, and set houses on fire for evening journals, and yet remains unknown. Amid such disasters, let a generous mind pause ere it condemn him, whom circumstances have twisted into a degenerate hireling. When the petty rivalries of the hour are forgotten, and truth is alone remembered, the retrospections of such a character are by no means enviable. To him belongs not the smile of the good, nor the friendship of the great: as he has lived to be degraded, so will he die to be forgotten.

—be one poet's praise,
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song:
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own.

NOTE 1, p. 102.

“When Reginald Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate, and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, who,

impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for the talents which had, on that day, raised him to honour, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents."—*Life*, vol. I. p. 33.

The following sketch of Heber by a contemporary, while residing in the university, after his poetical triumph, will be read with deep interest.

“At a time, when with the enthusiasm of the place I had rather caught by heart than learnt *Palestine*, and when it was a privilege of any one of any age to know Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling of admiration, with which, in the autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish; but when any higher subject was introduced, (and he was never slow to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,) his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers, but with his eyes downcast and fixed poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age; the old romances; Spencer; some of our early prose writers; of Scott's published works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. Even at this time, however, he was a very severe student, and made up in hard reading at night, the time given to society and lighter pursuits in the evening.”—*Life*, pp. 345—348.

NOTE s, p. 107.

A beautiful letter, descriptive of Heber's character in India, must not be omitted in these biographical illustrations.

“ My LORD,

I know not how to refrain from venturing in some allusion to the general sentiments of deep interest and lively gratification excited by your lordship's visit to this place, (Benares,) and the very sincere regrets which have followed your departure. Of all the pleasing impressions which your lordship has left to commemorate your brief sojourn amongst us, I will not here presume to speak ; but I may hope your lordship will not be displeas'd with the brief assurance, that your visit has been productive of much good in this community, in points essentially connected with those high and sacred interests which are so peculiarly under your charge, and even so near to all the movements of your heart. For the mention of my own individual share in the grateful impressions your lordship has diffused amongst us, I will hope to have found an admissible excuse with your lordship, while I ascribe some portions of it to associations awakened by your presence, recalling to my mind the days of other times, the scenes of my youth, and of my native land ; and many a recollection of no light or ordinary interest, to one who has wandered so far and so long from the *dulce domum* of his early life. Your lordship will readily conceive how this might be ; and thus it will hardly seem strange to you, that the strains of pious and holy instruction, which fixed so impressive a record of our first visitation by a protestant prelate on the minds of us all, should have spoken with peculiar emphasis to one, who, after many a year of toil and exile in a foreign clime, recognized in the accents which now preached the word of the living God, amid the favourite abodes of heathen idolatry, that selfsame voice, which in the days of youthful enthusiasm, and ardent and undamp'd fancy, had poured on his delighted ear the lay that sung the sacred theme of the Redeemer's hand, amid the long-loved haunts of his *Alma Mater* ; amid the venerated temples of the religion of our fathers. But let me not give a license to my pen which may seem to bespeak me forgetful of the high value of your lordship's time. Permit me, my lord, to conclude with unfeign'd and most fervent wishes for your long enjoyment of health and vigour, for the gratification of all the hopes with which you contemplate the interesting journey before you, and for the success of

every plan which you may form for the advancement of those concerns of eternal moment, which have been so happily entrusted to your lordship's care.

I remain, my lord,
most respectfully and sincerely your's,

NORMAN MACLEOD."

(*Life*, pp. 242—244.)

NOTES TO PART II.

NOTE a, p. 124.

The sublime hopes which are awakened by the circulation of the scriptures suggest the name of one, whose pure Spirit now brightens in the presence of his Maker, but whose memory lives in the hearts of all who revere the faith of an apostle, and the devotion of a martyr,—Henry Martyn, late fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge. He who can peruse the biography of his glorious mind, as exhibited amid fearful toils and Christian labours, in a far and deathful clime,—without emotion, must be “more or less than man.”

“By him, and by his means, part of the Liturgy of the Church of England, the Parables, and the whole of the New Testament, were translated into Hindoostanee! By him, and by his means, also, the Psalms of David, and the New Testament were rendered into Persian! By him also the prophet of Mecca was daringly exposed, and the truths of Christianity openly vindicated, in the very heart and centre of a Mahometan empire!—Surely, as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and apostolical church, of which he was so great an ornament, the name of the subject of this Memoir will not wholly be forgotten; and whilst some shall delight to gaze on the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Schwartz; there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of Henry Martyn.”—(*Memoir*, by SARGENT.)

NOTE b, p. 127.

To atone for the jealousies which too often disgrace the annals of mind, a delightful train of literary friendships may be adduced. Those fami-

liar with intellectual biography, will recall the names of Scipio and Lælius, Erasmus and sir Thomas More, Montaigne and Charron, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Beaumont and Fletcher, Addison and Steele, West and Gray. Cowley has a beautiful allusion to a literary friendship:—

Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights !
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
 Till the Ledean stars so famed for love
 Wonder'd at us from above.—
 We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

This passage is matched by one in Persius :

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
 Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
 Unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
 Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa. SAT. V. 40—44.

NOTE c, p. 140.

Solitude and society may be illustrated by a lake and a river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly ; but we can also see our image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus ; while in the river, the view both of the heavens and ourselves is more broken and disturbed ; but health and fertility is scattered round.—(*From Wolfe's Juvenile Papers.*)

NOTE d, p. 141.

At the dissolution, the great bell at Christ Church, commonly called "Tom," was taken from the tower of the monastery of Osney : it was then placed in the campanile of the tower of Christ Church cathedral, whence it was removed to its present situation, after the completion of the tower by sir Christopher Wren. Prior to its being recast, it bore the following inscription, "In Thomæ laudi resona Bim Bom sine

audi :” its present inscription is “Magnus Thomas Oxoniensis.”—
Vide Skelton’s Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata.)

NOTE c, p. 147.

Chatterton,

—————The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish’d in its pride.

Midnight studies and midnight agonies were not unknown to him. Poor, proud, and persecuted, alone in the wilderness of London, with a genius restless as it was extraordinary,—how often did the daylight shine upon his sunken brow and shattered frame! Kirk White was equally a victim to the fascinations of midnight study. Several pathetic allusions to this fatal luxury are sprinkled over his productions. In a poem entitled “Time,” he exclaims—

The night’s my own : they cannot steal my night !
When ev’ning lights her folding star on high
I live and breathe ; and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies
Free as the morning o’er the realms of space.

While on the subject of Chatterton and Kirk White, may we venture to add, that the mind of the former was of far more original grasp than that of the latter ; yet how different has been their poetical destinies ! The beauty of White’s moral has reflected a brightness o’er his intellectual character ;—and it is well for mankind that it has done so ; for one virtue is worth a thousand talents.

Lord Orford has thus appreciated the genius of Chatterton : “ His life should be compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition ; his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in

vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion ; and when added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may be well suspended ; and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man who possessed such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet ; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His ablest flight, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius ; and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed."

A

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY.

Main body of faint text, likely a list or a series of entries.

SCIAMMID-LEONASORU

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A
BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY
OF
EMINENT CHARACTERS CONNECTED WITH THE
UNIVERSITY.

IN compiling the following Summary, which, it is presumed, will not be found useless as a literary reference, the author was greatly indebted to Chalmers's list, extracted from the *Athenæ*, and other collegiate records. His acknowledgments are also due to Mr. Skelton, whose magnificent work, *Pietas Oxoniensis*, when completed, will be alike honourable to his genius, and his country.

MERTON COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1264.

Duns Scotus; John Wickliffe; sir Thomas Bodley; sir Henry Savile; the pious John Hales; William Harvey, (discoverer of the circulation of the blood;) Bradwardine and Islip, archbishops of Canterbury; Hooper, the martyred bishop of Gloucester; Dr. Jewell of Salisbury; Dr. Carleton of Chichester; and Grimoald, poet; Heywood, do.; Dr. Goulston; sir Isaac Wake; Dr. Bainbridge; Devereux, earl of Essex; Farnaby; Francis Cheynell; Samuel Clarke the orientalist; Hugh Cressy, the Roman Catholic historian; Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian; and sir Richard Steele, at one time postmaster here.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1280.

Prelates. Walter Skirlaw, bishop of Durham, ob. 1405; Richard Flemming, bishop of Lincoln, and founder of Lincoln college; John Sherwood, bishop of Durham; Ridley, the martyr, sometime fellow here, afterwards of Cambridge; Dr. Tobie Mathew, archbishop of York; Bancroft, bishop of Oxford; Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, and author of *Grecian Antiquities*, &c. &c.; Dr. Charles Littleton, bishop of Carlisle, and president of the Society of Antiquaries.

Richard Stannyhurst, poet and critic; the learned family of the Digges; Leonard and Thomas, mathematicians; sir George Croke, chief-justice of England; lord Herbert of Cherbury; Gerard Langbaine, the first biographer of dramatic writers; Dr. Dudley Loftus, the oriental scholar; Dr. John Hudson, keeper of the Bodleian library; Flavel, the nonconformist; Dr. Radcliffe, afterwards of Lincoln; Rev. Joseph Bingham, author of *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*; William Elstob; Carte, the historian, took his first degree here, previously to his removing to Cambridge; Jago, the poet and friend of Shenstone; sir Robert Chambers, Vinerian professor in 1777; sir William Jones, whose monument by Flaxman was presented to his college by lady Flaxman; sir Roger Newdigate, the founder of the *Newdigate Prize*; lord Eldon, the late lord high chancellor of England; and lord Stowell.

BALLIOL COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1282.

Prelates. Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, and second perpetual chancellor of the university; Dr. John Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, who detected the impostures of Lauder and Bower, and ably advocated the miracles of the Christian faith.

Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, founder of the Bodleian ; John Tiptoft, earl of Worcester, who presented some valuable MSS. to the university ; the celebrated lawyers, sir John Popham, lord Coventry, sir Humphrey Davenport, and sir Robert Atkyns ; Dr. Thomas Holland ; Tobias Crisp, founder of the Antinomian sect ; John Evelyn ; Dr. Charles Davenant, son of the poet ; Dr. David Gregory ; Keil and Bradley, the astronomers ; Dr. William King ; Hutchinson, the historian of Dorsetshire ; James West, president of the royal society ; ROBERT SOUTHEY, poet laureate, &c. &c. LOCKHART, editor of the Quarterly, &c. &c.

EXETER COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1314.

Prelates. Dr. Bayley, bishop of Bangor, author of "The Practice of Piety ;" Dr. Prideaux, bishop of Worcester ; Dr. Bull, bishop of St. David's, one of the ablest champions of our church ; and archbishop Secker.

John de Trevisa, translator of Higden's Polychronicon ; sir John Fortescue, the eminent lawyer ; sir George More ; Browne, the poet, author of Britannia's Pastorals ; Robert Hayman, a poet of less renown ; lord Falkland ; sir John Doddridge ; sir William Noy, attorney-general ; sir Anthony, Nicholas, and Thomas Fitzherbert ; Diggory Wheare, first Camden professor ; James duke of Hamilton, beheaded for his attachment to Charles I ; Dr. Arthur Duck ; lord chief-justice Rolle ; sir Simon Baskerville ; Joseph Caryll, the commentator on the book of Job ; John Powlett, marquis of Winchester, whose epitaph Dryden writ, as Milton did that of the marchioness ; Thomas Brancker, mathematician ; lord Shaftesbury ; Quick, the ecclesiastical historian ; Dr. Gideon Harvey ; Anstis, the heraldist ; Dr. Walker, historian of the loyal clergy ; Maundrell, the traveller ; Samuel Wesley, father of the founders of methodism ; Dr. Borlase ; sir Michael Foster ; Mr. Lewis of Margate, the biographer ; Norris, the Platonist ; Upton, the editor of Epictetus ; Toup, of classic fame ; Tindal, the continuator of Rapin ; Hole, the poet ; and Dr. Kennicot.

ORIEL COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1326.

Prelates. Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Butler, bishop of Durham, author of the celebrated Analogy; bishop Mant; and Dr. Edward Copleston, dean of St. Paul's and bishop of Llandaff.

Robert Langlande, supposed author of *Pierce Plowman*; Alexander Barclay, translator of the *Ship of Fools*—Warton thinks his five eclogues the first which appeared in the English language; Dr. Edgeworth, a popish writer; Morgan Philips, the sophister; Peter White, ejected dean of Waterford; sir Walter Raleigh; Prynne, the republicanist and antiquary; Richard Brathwaite, a poet and wit; sir William Scroggs, and sir John Holt, lord chief-justices of the king's bench; Dr. William Berriman; Dr. Edward Bentham, originally of Corpus; Joseph Warton; Keble, author of a beautiful collection of poems, deservedly popular, entitled the *Christian Year*.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1340.

Prelates. Cardinal Beaufort, brother to Hen. IV; bps. Bainbridge; Robinson; Potter; and Barlow; Dr. Guy Carleton, bishop of Bristol, afterwards of Cirencester; Dr. Compton, bishop of London; Dr. William Nicholson, author of the *Historical Library*; Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, founder of the preacherships at Whitehall; Dr. Tanner, bishop of St. Asaph, author of *Notitia* and *Bibliotheca*.

Henry V. whose chamber was over the great gate of the old college, opposite to Edmund Hall; Bernard Gilpin; sir Thomas Overbury; Wingate, an eminent lawyer and arithmetician; Burton, the commentator on Antoninus; Dr. Holyoake, lexicographer; sir John Davis, poet; sir John Banks; sir Edward Turnour, chief baron; Dr. Samuel Annesley, an eminent nonconformist; Dr. Lancelot Addison, dean of Litchfield; Dr. Thomas Hyde; Wycherly, the poet; Dr. John Mill,

editor of the Greek Testament; sir John Floyer; Dr. Edmund Halley, an eminent philosopher, and Savilian professor; Addison, and his friend Tickell; Dr. Hugh Todd, antiquary; Dr. Thomas Smith, biographer; Dr. John Hudson; Christopher Rawlinson and Edward Thwaites, Saxon scholars; Rev. Jeremiah Seed; Dr. Shaw the traveller; Collins the poet; Dr. John Dalton, the reviver of Milton's Comus; Edward Row Mores, antiquary; Thomas Tyrwhitt, editor of Chaucer, afterwards fellow of Merton; Dr. Richard Burn, author of the "Justice of Peace;" Dr. George Fothergill; Mitford the historian; Jeremy Bentham; Dr. Van Mildert, bishop of Llandaff, and of Durham in 1826; Ireland, dean of Westminster; Dr. Meyrick, author of works on Arms and Armour; Lancaster, author of the Harmony of the Law and Gospel.

NEW COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1386.

Prelates. Cranley, archbishop of Dublin; Chichele, of Canterbury; Thomas Beckington, bishop of Bath and Wells; John Russell, bishop of Rochester, chancellor of England; William Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, patron of Erasmus; Sherbourne, bishop of Chichester; Bilson, of Winchester; Lake, of Bath and Wells; Gunning, of Ely; Turner, of Ely; Ken, of Bath and Wells; Bisse, of Hereford; Lavington, of Exeter; and the illustrious Dr. Robert Lowth, of St. David's, Oxford, and London; George Isaac Huntingford, present bishop of Hereford; Hon. Henry Bathurst, of Norwich; and William Howley, present archbishop of Canterbury.

Grocyn, one of the revivers of learning; Stanbridge, the grammarian; Philpot, civilian and linguist; Talbot, antiquarian; Pullaine, poet and translator; Harding, opposer of bishop Jewell; Fowler, the learned printer; Nicholas Saunders; sir Henry Sidney, father of sir Philip; Thomas Neale; Dr. Baley; Turberville, the poet; Christopher Johnson, Latin poet; Thomas Stapleton; Lloyd, master of Winchester

school; Pits, one of our early biographers; Bastard and Owen, the epigrammatists; John Osmond, the commentator; Dr. Thomas James, first librarian at the Bodleian; Herbert the poet; sir Henry Wotton; sir Henry Martin; Dr. Zouch; Thomas Lydiat; sir Thomas Ryves; Dr. Bruno Ryves, dean of Windsor, and writer of the first newspapers published in England; Dr. Edward Young, father of the poet; sir Edward Herbert; Wood, author of the "Institutes of the Laws of England;" Dr. William Musgrave; Somerville and Pitt, poets; Rev. Joseph Spence; Dr. Gloster Ridley, the biographer of his great ancestor the martyr; Dr. William Smith, translator of Thucydides and Longinus; Dr. Robert Holmes, the learned collator of the Septuagint; Rev. Sydney Smith; DR. CROTCH, the celebrated composer of PALESTINE, &c. &c.

LINCOLN COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1427.

Prelates. Dr. Edward Withnoll, bishop of Cork and Ross, of Kildmore and Kildagh; Dr. Clavering, bishop of Llandaff and Peterborough, many years Hebrew professor; Dr. Robert Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln, the famous casuist; archbishop Potter was also a fellow of this college.

Robert Flemyng, nephew of the founder, author of an elegant poem, entitled "Lucubrationes Tiburtinae." On his return from the continent, he deposited in the college library some finely illuminated MSS. and a Greek and Latin Dictionary of his own writing, extant in Leland's time, by whom it is mentioned; sir Edmund Anderson, chief-justice of the king's bench; Bolton, the puritan divine, afterwards of Brasen-Nose; Dr. Kelbye, one of the translators of the Bible; Edward Weston, champion of the Roman catholic cause; Richard Brett, one of the translators of the Bible; Dr. John Davies, an eminent linguist and antiquary; Thomas Hayne, the grammarian; Dr. Christopher Bennet, physician and medical writer; Arthur Hopton; sir William Davenant,

poet; Cornelius Burges, a distinguished parliamentary divine; Henry Foulis, ecclesiastical historian; John Kettlewell and Dr. George Hicks, nonjurors; sir George Wheler, traveller and botanist; Tindal, the deist, afterwards of Exeter and All Souls; Dr. Richard Grey and the pious James Hervey; John Wesley, founder of methodism; Dr. John Sibthorp, author of the *Flora Oxoniensis* and the *Flora Græca*. The two greatest modern benefactors to this University were fellows of this College, Lord Crewe and Dr. Radcliffe.

ALL SOULS COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1437.

Prelates. Among the most celebrated are Goldwell, bishop of Norwich, and Bullingham, bishop of Lincoln and Worcester; Duppa of Winchester, and archbishop Sheldon were elected fellows here, but educated, the first at Christ Church, the second at Trinity; JEREMY TAYLOR, the illustrious divine, bishop of Down and Connor, became a fellow here in 1636, by the nomination of archbishop Laud.

Linacre, the first person who taught Greek at Oxford; he was one of the founders of the College of Physicians; Leland; Recorde; Andrew Kingsmill, linguist and divine, formerly of Corpus; Dr. Key, or Cay, one of the earliest Oxford historians; sir Anthony Sherley; sir John Mason, privy counsellor; sir William Petre; Robert Heyrick, poet; Marchmont Needham, one of the earliest newspaper hacks, who supported the Oliverian cause; Joseph Keble, first of Jesus, a law-writer of incredible industry; so diseased with fondness for reporting, that he reported all the cases in the king's bench from 1661 to 1710, and all the sermons preached in Gray's Inn chapel, amounting to above 4000! Matthew Tindal, equally famous for gluttony and deism; John Norris, rector of Bemerton; Dr. Sydenham, improver of medical science; sir William Trumbull, the friend of Pope; lord chancellor Talbot, first of Oriel; and sir Christopher Wren.

In the departments of Law and Politics—sir Robert Weston, chancellor of Ireland, in Elizabeth's time; sir Clement Edmonds; sir Daniel Dunn; Henry Coventry, secretary of state to Charles II.; sir William Blackstone, formerly of Pembroke.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1456.

Prelates. Fuller remarks that there is scarcely a bishopric in England to which this college has not afforded a prelate. Cardinals Wolsey and Pole were both educated here; Pole entered as a nobleman, and resided in the president's lodgings; Lee and Frewen, archbishops of York; Boulter, archbishop of Armagh; Longland, bishop of Lincoln; Cooper, of Winchester; Warner, of Rochester; Nicholson, of Gloucester; Hopkins, of Raphoe and Derry; Hough, of Worcester; Smalbroke, of Lichfield and Coventry; Horne of Norwich.

Many of the scholars who studied here during the first half century from the foundation contributed greatly to the revival of literature, which aided the advancement of the reformation. Of these, Dean Colet, and Lily, the grammarian, Linacre, and Latimer, may be mentioned. It could afterwards boast of Dr. John Roper, the famous theologist; Dr. Wotton, physician to Henry VIII.; Robertson, one of the compilers of the Liturgy, in 1549; Fox, the celebrated author of "Acts and Monuments of the Church;" sir Francis Knollis, statesman; Lily, dramatic poet; Dr. Field; Dr. Thomas Godwyn, Hebrew antiquary; sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador; Hampden, the patriot; John Digby, earl of Bristol; Chilmead, critic and philologist; Theophilus Gale, non-conformist; the pious Dr. Hammond; Dr. Peter Heylin, ecclesiastical historian; George Withers, poet; Harmar, the Greek professor; Elisha Coles, Latin lexicographer; sir Robert Howard, dramatic poet; Dr. Thomas Smith, the traveller; THE ILLUSTRIOUS ADDISON; Dr. Sacheverell, the associate of Addison; COLLINS; Yalden; and Holdsworth,

poets; Horbery and Waldgrave, divines; Gibbon, the historian; Dr. Townson and Dr. Chandler; John Wilson*, the distinguished poet,

* To say nothing of the beauty of Wilson's poetry, he has exerted more influence over the periodical literature of the day than any living writer. But, like all original minds, his has been mimicked by small reviewers, who contrive to ape the eccentricities of his style, but are utterly destitute of the merit and fervour of his thoughts. Similar was the fate of lord Byron. His lordship felt, or fancied himself, an unhappy being, and vented his feelings accordingly. Forthwith a sentimental paleness overspread the land, and poetical *Werterism* became the fashion of the hour! Such vulgar mimicry recalls to our mind a saying of Allan Cunningham's, in reference to a certain writer's "Napoleon," when compared to Walter Scott's—"The braying of an ass after the sound of a trumpet."

The following note, relative to Wilson's career at the university, is from the pen of the celebrated "Opium Eater"—De Quincey—himself an Oxford man. At a time when the surly ignorance of mistaken writers is wont to sneer at our universities, it is gratifying to see an author of acknowledged genius like De Quincey looking back on the scenes of Alma Mater with respectful love, and speaking of her greatness as becomes his theme.

————— Vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, lætitiæ, libri,
Hortique sylvæque, anima remanente relinquam?

"From the latter end of 1803 to the spring of 1808, Mr. Wilson had studied at the university of Oxford. He had previously studied as a mere boy, according to the Scotch fashion, at the university of Glasgow, chiefly under the tuition of the late Mr. Jardine (the professor, I believe, of logic) and Dr. or Mr. Young, (the professor of Greek). At both universities he had greatly distinguished himself; but at Oxford, where the distribution of prizes and honours of every kind is to the last degree parsimonious and select, naturally it follows that such academical distinctions are really *significant* distinctions, and proclaim an unequivocal merit in him who has carried them off from a crowd of 1600 or 2000 co-rivals, to whom the contest was open; whereas, in the Scotch universities, as I am told by Scotchmen, the multiplication of prizes and medals, and the almost indiscriminate profusion with which they are showered abroad, neutralizes their whole effect and value. At least this was the case in Mr. Wilson's time; but lately some conspicuous changes have been introduced by a royal commission (not yet, I believe, dissolved) into one at least of the Scotch universities, which have greatly improved it in this respect, by bringing it much nearer to the English model. When Mr. Wilson gained a prize of fifty guineas for fifty lines of English verse, without further inquiry it becomes evident, from the mere rarity of the

and present Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

distinction, which, for a university *now* nearly of five thousand members, occurs but once a year, and from the great over-proportion of that peculiar class (the undergraduates) to whom the contest is open, that such a victory was an indisputable criterion of very conspicuous merit. In fact, never in any place did Mr. Wilson play off his Proteus variety of character and talent with so much brilliant effect as at Oxford. In this great university, the most ancient, and by many degrees the most magnificent in the world, he found a stage for display perfectly congenial with the native elevation of his own character. Perhaps you are not fully aware of the characteristic differences which separate our two English universities of Oxford and Cambridge from those of Scotland and the continent: for I have always observed that the best-informed foreigners, even after a week's personal acquaintance with the Oxford system, still adhere to the inveterate preconceptions which they had brought with them from the continent. For instance, they continue obstinately to speak of the *professors* as the persons to whom the students are indebted for tuition; whereas the majority of these hold their offices as the most absolute sinecures; and the task of tuition devolves upon the tutors appointed in each particular college. These tutors are called public tutors; meaning that they do not confine their instructions to any one individual, but distribute them amongst all the undergraduates of the college to which they belong; and, in addition to these, *private* tutors are allowed to any student who chooses to increase his expenditure in that particular. But the main distinction, which applies to our immediate subject, is the more than regal provision for the lodging and accommodation of the students by the system of *colleges*. Of these there are in Oxford, neglecting the technical subdivision of *halls*, five-and-twenty; and the main use of all, both colleges and halls, is, not as in Scotland and on the continent, to lodge the head of the university with suitable dignity, and to provide rooms for the library and public business of the university. These purposes are met by a separate provision, distinct from the colleges; and the colleges are applied as follows: 1st, and mainly, to the reception of the fellows, and of the undergraduate students; 2dly, to the accommodation of the head (known in different colleges by the several designations of provost, principal, dean, rector, warden, &c.); 3dly, to the accommodation of the private library attached to that college, and to the chapel, which is used at least twice every day for public prayers; 4thly, to the hall, and the whole establishment of kitchen, wine-vaults, buttery, &c. &c. which may be supposed necessary for the liberal accommodation, at the public meals of dinner, [and in some colleges supper,] of gentlemen and visitors from the country, or from the continent; varying (we will suppose) from 25 to 500 heads. Every where else the great mass of the students are lodged in obscure nooks and corners, which may or may not be respectable, but are at all events withdrawn

BRASEN-NOSE COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1509.

Prelates. Hugh Curwyn, or Coren, archbishop of Dublin; Barnes, bishop of Durham; Wolton, of Exeter; Miles Smith, of Gloucester,

from the *surveillance* of the university. I shall state both the ground and the effect (or tendency rather) of this difference. Out of England, universities are not meant exclusively for professional men: the sons of great landholders, and a large proportion of the sons of noblemen, either go through the same academic course as others, or a shorter course adapted to their particular circumstances. In England, again, the church is supplied from the rank of gentry—not exclusively, it is true, but in a much larger proportion than any where else, except in Ireland. The corresponding ranks in Scotland, from their old connection with France, have adopted (I believe) much more of the continental plans for disposing of their sons at this period. At any rate, it will not be contended by any man, that Scotland throws any thing like the same proportion with England of her gentry and her peerage into her universities. Hence a higher standard of manners and of habits presides at Oxford and Cambridge; and, consequently, a demand for much higher accommodations would even *otherwise* have arisen, had not such a demand already been supplied by the munificence of our English princes and peers, both male and female; and, in one instance at least, of a *Scottish* prince (Balliol). The extent of these vast caravanseras enables the governors of the various colleges to furnish every student with a set of two rooms at the least, often with a *suite* of three,—[I. who lived at Oxford on no more than my school-allowance, had that number,]—or in many cases with far more. In the superior colleges, indeed, (superior, I mean, as to their purse and landed endowments,) all these accommodations keep pace with the refinements of the age; and thus a connection is maintained between the University and the landed *noblesse*—upper and lower—of England, which must be reciprocally beneficial, and which, under other circumstances, could scarcely have taken place.

“Of these advantages you may be sure that Mr. Wilson availed himself to the utmost extent. Instead of going to *Balliol* college, he entered himself at *Magdalen*, in the class of what are called “Gentlemen Commoners.” All of us (you know) in Oxford and Cambridge wear an academic dress, which tells at once our academic rank with all its modifications. And the term *Gentleman Commoner* implies that he has more splendid costumes, and more in number; that he is expected to spend a good deal more money; that he enjoys a few trifling immunities; and that he has, in particular instances, something like a king’s right of preemption, as in the choice of rooms, &c.

“Once

one of the greatest scholars of his day, and principal translator of the Bible.

Robert Nowell, attorney-general, and Lawrence Nowell, dean of Lichfield, an eminent antiquary, who revived the study of the Saxon language; Caldwell, president of the college of physicians; William Whittingham, poetical coadjutor of Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms; Fox, the martyrologist; sir John Savile, and his younger brother, provost of Eton, where he printed his edition of St. Chrysostom; Barnaby Barnes, dramatic poet; Ferdinand Pulton, law-writer; Jeremiah Stephens, coadjutor of sir Henry Spelman in the publication of the Councils; sir John Spelman, author of the *Life of Alfred the Great*; Brerewood, mathematician; Ralph Radcliffe;

“Once launched in this orbit, Mr. Wilson continued to blaze away for the four successive years, 1804-5-6-7, I believe without any intermission. Possibly I myself was the one sole gownsman who had not then found my attention fixed by his most heterogeneous reputation. In a similar case, Cicero tells a man that ignorance so unaccountable of another man’s pretensions, argued himself to be a *homo ignorabilis*; or, in the language of the Miltonic Satan,

Not to know me, argues thyself unknown.

And *that* is true: a *homo ignorabilis* most certainly I was. And even with that admission it is still difficult to account for the extent and the duration of my ignorance. The fact is, that the case well expresses *both* our positions: that *he* should be so conspicuous as to challenge knowledge from the most sequestered of anchorites expresses *his* life: that I should have right to absolute ignorance of him who was familiar as daylight to all the rest of Oxford expresses *mine*. Never indeed before, to judge from what I have since heard upon inquiry, did a man, by variety of talents and variety of humours, contrive to place himself as the connecting link between orders of men so essentially repulsive of each other—as Mr. Wilson in this instance.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res:

“From the learned president of his college, Dr. Routh, the editor of parts of Plato, and of some Theological Selections, with whom Wilson enjoyed an unlimited favour—from this learned academic doctor, and many others of the same class, Wilson had an infinite gamut of friends and associates, running through every key.”

Humphrey Lluyd, or Lloyd, the Welch historian; sir John Stradling, poet; Samson Erdeswick, the Staffordshire antiquary; sir Peter Leicester, the Cheshire ditto; chancellor Egerton, baron Ellesmere, and viscount Brackley; Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*; sir William Petty; Elias Ashmole, founder of the Museum; John Prince, author of the *Worthies of Devon*; Dr. W. Assheton; Thomas Beconsall, defender of revealed religion; Thomas Church, D. D. whose degree was presented to him by diploma Feb. 23, 1749, for answering Bolingbroke; the Rev. John Watson, author of the *History of Halifax*, &c. &c.; Whitaker, the Manchester historian, afterwards elected scholar of Corpus; Hodson, late principal; BISHOP HEBER; and MILMAN, the present professor of poetry.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1516.

Prelates. Cardinal Pole, first of Magdalen; Jewell, bishop of Salisbury; Webb, bishop of Limerick, sometime of University college; Dr. Fowler, of Gloucester; and Dr. Richard Pococke, bishop of Meath, the celebrated orientalist; Burgess, bishop of Salisbury.

John Shepreve; Redman, or Redmayne, afterwards first master of Trinity college, Cambridge, one of the compilers of the Liturgy; Morwen; Nicholas Udal and Richard Edwards, poets, the latter one of our earliest dramatists, whose *Palæmon* and *Arcite* was acted before queen Elizabeth in Christ Church hall, on her visit here in 1566; Miles Windsor, the first Oxford historian; HOOKER; sir Edward Sandys, statesman; Dr. Sebastian Benefield; Gill, master of St. Paul's school; Dr. Daniel Featly; the illustrious HALES; sir John Mennis, traveller, seaman, and poet; Edmund Chishul, divine and antiquary; Dr. Richard Fiddes, the biographer of cardinal Wolsey; John Anstis, the herald; Henry Hare; lord Coleraine; Dr. Nathaniel Forster; Dr. John Burton; Dr. Jeremiah Milles, dean of Exeter; sir Ashton Lever,

the collector of an immense museum of natural history, dispersed by auction a few years ago; Abbot Thomas Day, an eccentric fellow, who never obtained a degree; COLERIDGE, the poet; professor Buckland; and Vaughan Thomas, the distinguished divine.

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1532.

Prelates. The archbishops and bishops educated here are too numerous to be noticed. Among the most eminent we find, Bancroft, PRIDEAUX, Sanderson, Blandford, Dolben, Compton, Gastrell, Syngé, Potter, Tanner, Benson, Robinson, and Shipley. Among the names eminent in ecclesiastical history, we find the reformer Peter Martyr; M. Heton, bishop of Ely; Richard Edes, dean of Worcester; Leonard Hutten; John Wall, prebendary of Salisbury; Thomas Lockey, public librarian; Dr. Edward Pocock; Dr. Robert South; Dr. Richard Allestree; Dr. Roger Altham; archbishop Wake; Dr. Robert Freind; Dr. Newton, founder of Hertford college; Van Mildert, bishop of Durham.

“The scholars,” observes Chalmers, “of other ranks, who have added to the reputation of this college, are so numerous, that a few only can be noticed. The literary history of Christ Church might be extended to many volumes.

In the list of STATESMEN and LAWYERS occur the names of sir Dudley Carleton; sir William Godolphin; sir W. Ellis; Edw. Sackville, earl of Dorset; sir Gilbert Dolben; Henry Mordaunt; Heneage Finch and Daniel Finch, earls of Nottingham; Henry Bennet, earl of Arlington; sir J. Vaughan; Thomas Lutwyche; Trevor; viscount Chetwynd; Wainwright; Skinner; Trelawny; Henry Villiers; sir William Wyndham; earl Granville; sir Thomas Hanmer; Andrew Stone; lord Lyttelton; earl Mansfield; lord Holland; John Mostyn; sir Francis Bernard;

baron Mendip; Amyand; Devisme; sir John Skinner; sir Gould Morgan; Richard Leveson Gower; &c. &c. &c.

Poets and Orators. Dr. James Calhill; sir PHILIP SIDNEY; Stephen Gosson; George Peele; Thomas Storer; William Gager; Thos. Goffe; BEN JONSON; Gomersal; Strode; Warmstrey; Hemmings; Holyday; Cartwright; Randolph; Waring; Maplet; Rhodes; Owen; Allestree; Nicholas Brady; OTWAY; Villiers; King; Harrington; Alsop; Samuel Wesley; Phillips; Edmund Smith; Gilbert West; Bramston; Thornton; George Colman; Dr. Butt.

During the 16th century, among the scholars of this house were, Hackluyt, the traveller; Mulcaster, master of Merchant Taylors' school; Carew, the historian of Cornwall; CAMDEN; Torporley; Caleb Willis; sir Humphrey Lynd; sir Thomas Aylesbury; Edmund Gunta.

Of the 17th century are, Nicholas Grey; John Gregory, astronomer; the learned Meric Casaubon; James Heath, the historian; Dr. Willis; Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Stubbe, second keeper of the Bodleian; Lower; LOCKE; Francis Vernon, traveller and poet; Sparke, prebendary of Lichfield, editor of Lactantius and Zosimus; Dr. Hooke, architect; sir Edward Hannes, professor of chemistry; Daniel Man; Dr. Freind; sir Andrew Fountain, Anglo-Saxon scholar; Temple Stanyan; Ivie, translator of Epictetus; Frewen, professor of chemistry.

In the 18th century, Richard Ince, a writer in the Spectator; Eustace Budgeff, a more considerable contributor to that work; George Wigan; Robert Leybourne, principal of Alban hall; LORD BOLINGBROKE; Desaguliers; Charles Boyle, Bentley's antagonist; John Wigan, editor of Aristæus; Charles Wesley; Browne Willis, antiquary; Dr. William Drake, the historian of York; Dr. W. Sharpe, Greek professor; the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, who left his valuable library to the British Museum, the books estimated at 30,000l.;

Dr. W. Burton, historian of Yorkshire; the present sir Robert Peel, bart.; Conybeare, professor of poetry; DUKE OF WELLINGTON; the illustrious CANNING, &c.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1554.

Prelates. Warton gives the following list of bishops and other eminent men, either educated at Trinity college, or living in it, while Dr. Bathurst was fellow or president. Ironside, bishop of Bristol; Lucy, bishop of St. David's; Skinner, of Worcester; Glemham, of St. Asaph; Stafford, of Chester; Parker, of Oxford; archbishop Sheldon; SELDEN; Chillingworth; Gellibrand, mathematician; Aubrey, antiquary; Arthur Wilson, author of the *Life of James I*; sir James Harrington, author of the *OCEANA*; Dr. Derham, author of *Physico-theology*; Dr. D. Whitby; sir JOHN DENHAM, poet; sir Henry Blount; John Evelyn; sir Edward Bysche, the heraldist; Potter, mathematician; Dr. Warton, physician; Anthony Farringdon, author of some learned sermons. To these may be added, the first lord Baltimore; Charles Montague, earl of Halifax; lord Somers; EARL OF CHATHAM; and the second earl of Guilford, lord North; the poets Lodge, Settle, Glanville, Manning, Merrick, and Headley; Allen, mathematician; Gill, master of St. Paul's school; Ludlow, the republican chief; sir John Ford, hydraulist; HENRY BIRKENHEAD, founder of the lecture on poetry in the university; Chamberlaine; Dr. Cobden; Coxeter, the miscellanist; Lethieullier, antiquary; Wise, ditto; THOMAS WARTON; LISLE BOWLES, poet; INGRAM, the president.

ST. JOHN'S-COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1557.

Prelates. Tobias Matthew, archbishop of York; archbishop Laud, elected the ninth president of this college; in 1603 he was one of the

proctors ; Dr. William Juxon, bishop of London ; Peter Mews, bishop of Winchester.

Among the scholars are Campian, the celebrated Jesuit ; Dr. Case, the Aristotle commentator ; Blagrave, mathematician ; sir James Whitelocke, chief-justice ; How, the botanist ; SHIRLEY, the dramatic poet ; Gayton, poet ; Whitelocke, the annalist, one of Cromwell's lords ; Marsham, the chronologist ; Bernard, Savilian professor ; WILLIAM LOWTH, the learned divine ; Sherwood, botanist ; Dillenius, ditto ; Bevil Higgons, poet and historian ; Nicholas Amhurst, afterwards expelled ; Bonwicke, master of Merchant Taylors' school ; sir William Trumbull, the correspondent of Pope ; Dr. Robert James, discoverer of the febrifuge powder ; Ducarel, antiquary ; Dr. Monro, one of Radcliffe's travelling Fellows ; Whalley, commentator on Shakspeare and Jonson ; Samuel Bishop, poet ; dean Tucker, author of sundry tracts on politics and commerce.

JESUS COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1571.

Prelates. Rider, bishop of Killaloe ; Lloyd, of St. Asaph ; Wynne, of ditto, father of sir William Wynne ; archbishop Usher was on the books, and resided here ; David Powell, the celebrated antiquary ; John Davies, lexicographer ; Rees Prichard, a popular Welch poet ; James Howell, the leading miscellanist of his time ; sir Thomas Herbert, an eminent traveller, and benefactor to the university ; sir Wm. Williams, lawyer ; the pious Dr. Richard Lucas ; Edward Lloyd, antiquary and botanist, afterwards keeper of the Ashmolean Museum ; and the learned divines and theological writers Dr. William Worthington, Dr. Henry Owen, Dr. James Bandinel, the first Bampton lecturer.

WADHAM COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1613.

Prelates. Among the principal are the names of Gauden, bishop of Worcester; Seth Ward, of Salisbury; Thomas Sprat, of Rochester; and Samuel Parker, of Oxford.

Creech, editor and translator of Lucretius; Walsh, the poet; Dr. J. Trapp, professor of poetry; Thomas Baker, mathematician; sir C. Sedley; earl of Rochester; admiral Blake; Mayow, physician; Dr. Hody; SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN; Arthur Onslow, for many parliaments speaker of the house of commons; chief-justice Pratt; Costard, linguist; Harris, the philosopher of Salisbury; Floyer Sydenham, the translator of Plato; Kennicott, collator of the Hebrew MSS.; Richardson, author of the Persian dictionary; Anderson, who translated the *Arenarius* of Archimedes; Dr. Austen; the famous Bentley of Cambridge became a member of Wadham college in 1689.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1624.

Prelates. Repingdon, bishop of Lincoln in 1405, and cardinal 1408. Bonner of London, surnamed the Bloody; Dr. William Newcome, archbishop of Armagh, the biblical critic; Dr. John Moore, archbishop of Canterbury.

Camden, the illustrious historian and antiquary; sir Thomas Browne; Carew, earl of Totness; sir James Dyer; David Baker, ecclesiastical historian; Pym, the noted patriot. In more recent times we find the celebrated names of judge Blackstone, who was first educated here; Philip Morant, historian of Essex; Whitfield; Dr. Durell, principal

of Hertford college; the eccentric Henderson; the poets, * Southern, Shenstone, Graves, and Hawkins, the professor of poetry; DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who was entered a commoner, Oct. 31, 1723. His apartment was the second floor over the gateway.

WORCESTER COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1714.

Gloucester Hall, afterwards St. John Baptist's Hall, and now, Worcester College, was one of the most ancient houses belonging to the Benedictines at the time of the dissolution.

Prelates. Before the Reformation, occur the names of three BISHOPS, educated in Gloucester Hall; John Langdon, bishop of Rochester, 1422; Mylling, of Hereford; Dunston, of Llandaff, 1545, who had been prior, but lived to the reign of Elizabeth, and acknowledged her supremacy.

In the same Hall were educated, and some time resided, the celebrated traveller, Thomas Coryate; Dr. Budden; Thomas Allen, the mathematician; Richard Lovelace, poet and linguist; the learned sir Kenelm Digby; De Quincey, the "Opium Eater."

HERTFORD COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1725.

Prelates. James Cranlegh, archbishop of Dublin; and Morgan Owen, bishop of Llandaff; Dickson, bishop of Down and Connor; and archbishop Newcome, already noticed as belonging to Pembroke; are claimed by Hertford college.

Nicholas Brigham, and lord Buckhurst, poets; the illustrious *Sel-*

* Johnson delighted to mention the names of poets educated at his own college; adding, (says that agreeable twaddler, Boswell,) with a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds."

den; sir John Glynn, an eminent lawyer; Dr. Donne, afterwards of Cambridge; Nicholas Fuller, the greatest Hebrew critic of his time; sir William Waller, the parliamentary general; sir Richard Baker, author of the popular Chronicle; Edward Lye, the Saxon lexicographer; Thomas Hutchinson, the editor of Xenophon; Dr. Hunt, Arabic professor; Dr. Benjamin Blayney; and the illustrious CHARLES FOX, educated here under the tuition of Dr. Newcome.

THE HALLS.

Before the foundation of colleges, all education in the University was carried on in certain houses, and sets of buildings, called Halls, Inns, or Hostels, which were the property of the citizens of Oxford, who let them partially to individuals, or generally to societies connected under one roof, in which case they were denominated Halls.

ST. ALBAN'S HALL.

FOUNDED IN THE REIGN OF JOHN.

Prelates. Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, and martyr; Lamplugh, archbishop of York; and Narcissus Marsh, primate of Ireland, were of this Hall; which also enumerates among its scholars, MASSINGER, the dramatic poet; William Lenthall, speaker to the house of commons during the long parliament; and sir Thomas Higgons, an English writer of some note, and ambassador at Vienna; the distinguished scholar and critic, Elmsley.

EDMUND HALL.

FOUNDED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Carleton, bishop of Chichester, and Kennet of Peterborough, occur among the prelates who were educated or resided sometime in Edmund

Hall. Among its eminent scholars are, sir W. Jones, the law-writer; judge Jenkins; Dr. Bate; Dr. Newton, mathematician; John Oldham, the poet; Kettlewell, the nonjuror, afterwards of Lincoln; Blackmore, the poet; Chamberlaine, author of *Angliæ Notitia*; Humphrey Wanley, librarian; HEARNE, the antiquary; Dr. Kennet; Felton, author of a *Dissertation on the Classics, &c.*; Mill, editor of the Greek Testament; and Dr. Grabe.

ST. MARY HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1325.

The illustrious sir THOMAS MORE; sir Christopher Hatton, George Sandys, and Fulwell, poets; Hariot, an eminent mathematician; and Marchmont Needham, the political writer.

NEW INN HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1391.

Twyne, the antiquary, and the Rev. Dr. Scott, author of the *Christian Life, &c.* were members of this Hall.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1480.

Among its *Prelates*, Magdalen Hall enumerates Stokesley, bishop of London, and Wilkins, of Chester. Among its scholars are, Warner and Daniel, poets; sir Harry Vane, the republican; sir Julius Cæsar, a learned civilian; Leigh, theologian; LORD CLARENDON, the historian, who entered here in 1622; Tombes, whom Wood calls the Coryphæus of the Anabaptists; sir MATTHEW HALE; Dr. Godwin; Theophilus Gale, author of the *Court of the Gentiles*; Dr. Sydenham; Poccocke, af-

terwards of Corpus; Dr. Hickes, afterwards of Lincoln; Dr. Charleton; Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew; Dr. Plot, naturalist; Dr. Tyson; sir George Wheeler; Dr. William Nichols, commentator on the Liturgy, &c. &c.

The author is fully aware that omissions may be discovered in the preceding Summary; and that splendid additions might be conferred on it by the many ornaments of later times. Should a future occasion offer itself, together with the adequate records, those additions will not be neglected.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

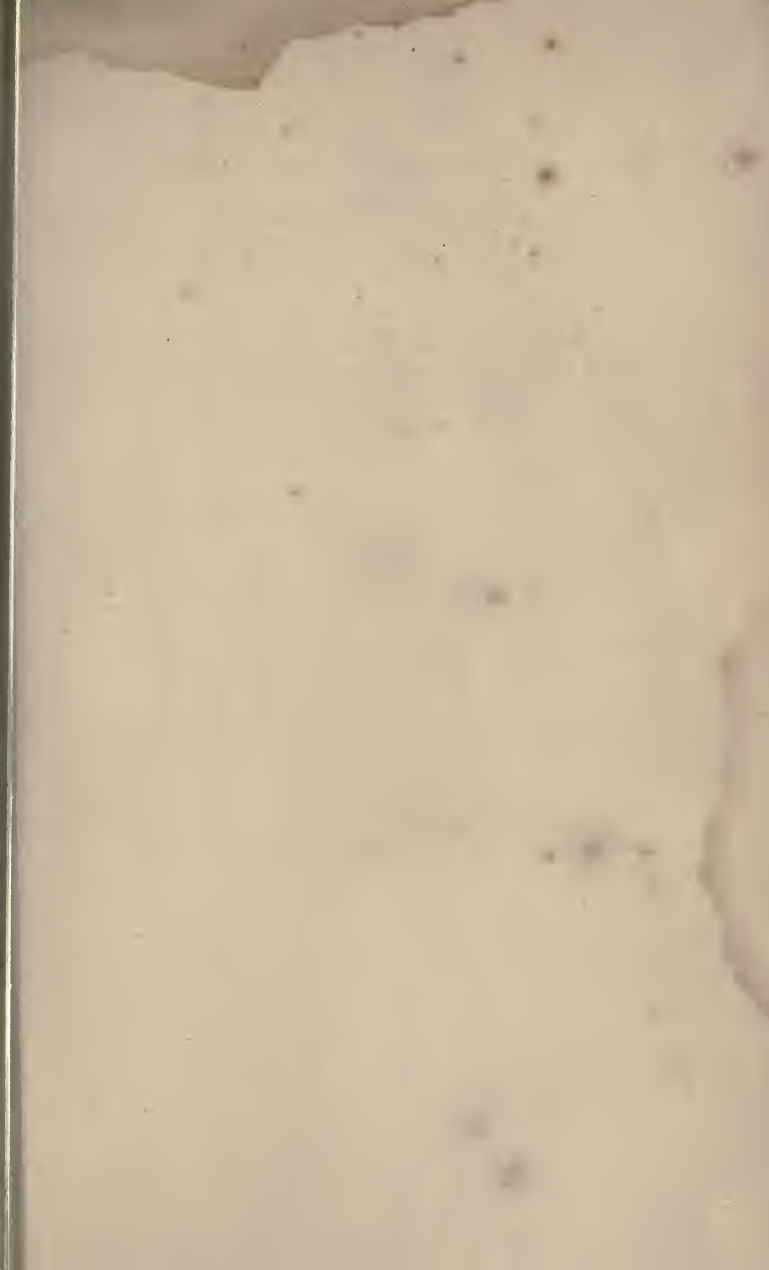
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Whence comest thou? From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. (Job i. 7.)

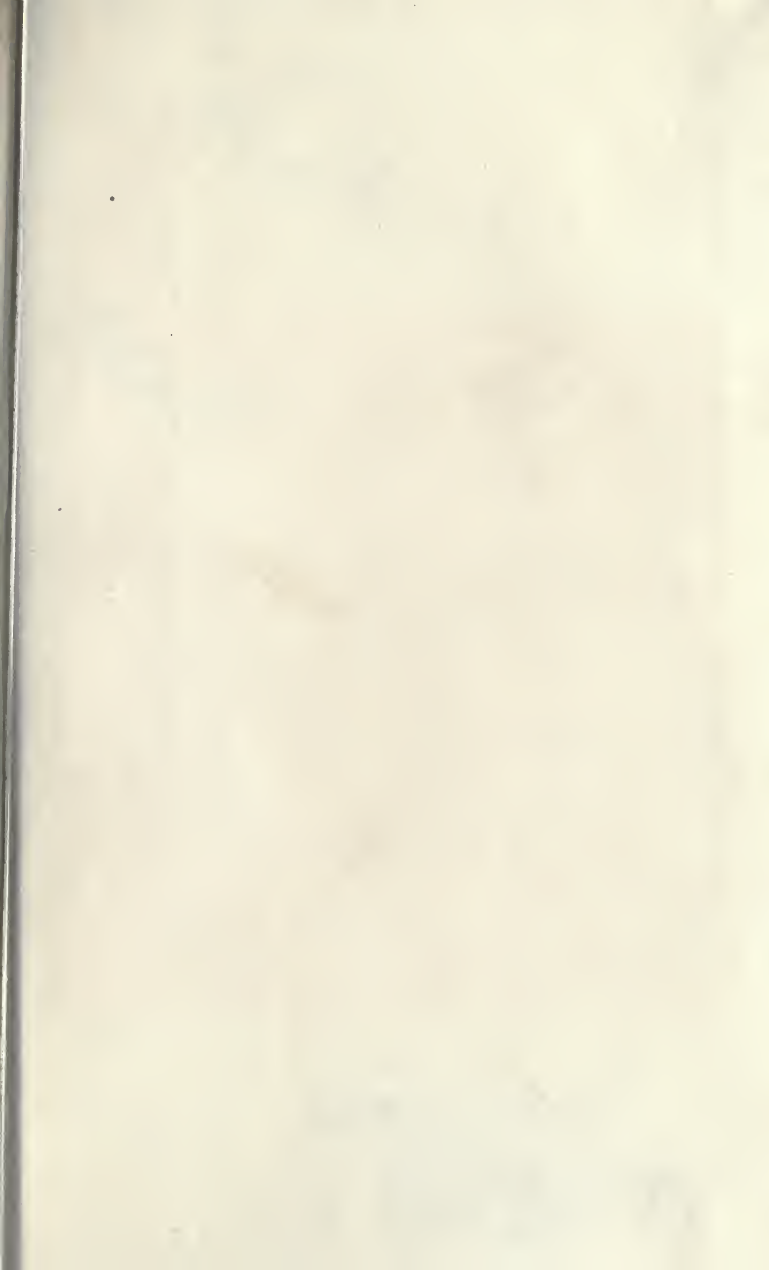
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